

Perolla and Izadora

A

TRAGEDY,

As it was ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

----- Faber Imus, & Ungues

Exprimet, & Molles imitabitur ere Capillos,

Infelix operis summâ, qui ponere totum

Nesciet : Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso

Speſtandum, nigris Oculis nigroque Capillo.

Horat. de Art. Poet.

L O N D O N :

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Wm. S. Gibber

LONDON: Printed by W. S. Gibber

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
CHARLES Earl of Orrery,
Knight of the most Antient Order of the Thistle.

THE Story of *Perolla* and *Izadora* was the Product of the Earl of Orrery Your Lordship's Noble Grandfather's leisure Hours in the Fam'd Romance of *Parthenissa*, which I found so irresistably Inviting, that I cou'd not help Aspiring (beyond what some People are pleas'd to call my Talent) in this Attempt of Forming it into a Tragedy: For I saw so many Beautiful Incidents in the Fable, such Natural, and Noble Sentiments in the Characters, and so just a Distress in the Passions, that I had little more than the Trouble of Blank Verse to make it fit for the Theatre: So that the Faults in the Figure it now makes are wholly owing to its present Dress, and not an Original want of Beauties. Just before I hurry'd it on upon the Stage, Your Lordship did me the Honour of Adjusting its Garniture, the Expression: Wherein I must own my Vanity was sufficiently mortified, to see after all my

DEDICATION.

flatter'd Hopes and Care, how little I had been doing. But my Disquiet from the Criticism was soon allay'd by the Advantage of the Instruction: And tho' I dare not yet say, 'tis wholly excusable, yet I am bound to acknowledge, that Your Lordship's Perusal has left it several secret Faults fewer than it had: By the good Fortune of which Assistance it has been the better able to make its way through a favourable Third and Sixth Day, to claim its farther (I might say Native) Right to Your Lordship's Protection. Nor can I repent in the Possession of that Hope, which perhaps first drew me into *Helicon* a little out of my depth: Tho' I never thought it in danger of sinking, after I found Your Lordship thought it worthy Your Correction: For as I knew it impossible to make Faults, that Your Judgment wou'd not find, so I knew Your Understanding wou'd not find any, if the whole were incorrigible. This will easily be believ'd by those that know your Lordship's Strength in Poetry, to which your Genius is not only Great and Easie, but Inherent. And tho' it is the Misfortune of Poetry to stand in the Rank of neglected Arts, and to make few Men considerable, who have no other Quality to recommend 'em; yet in our Account of Mankind (tho' the Greatest Men have follow'd the Muses, yet) History tells us of a Thousand Hero's for One Great Poet. But your Lordship makes a right Use of the Art: You have the Power of Writing well, tho' you now forbear it, and rather choose to be Eminent according to the Age's Understanding.

The

DEDICATION.

The Field is now in Fashion, and Your Lordship has prudently stept into the Ranks of *Mars*, when due Occasion shall call You forward to share in the Defence of Your Country. And as late Experience tells us, how Discerning Her Majesty's Judgment has been in the Distribution of Her Favours; so we may modestly conclude, that Her Foresight does not a little rely on the Promises of Your Lordship's growing Reputation, by the late Honours done Your Lordship, Enrolling you a Companion of that Order, which carries a peculiar Veneration in its Title, *The most Ancient Order of the Thistle*. But I am drawing myself into a Subject, that less needs a Panegyrick, than I shou'd Your Lordship's Pardon, shou'd I continue it. I will therefore beg leave to subscribe myself, with all Submission,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Since Otway's Scenes how few have found the Art,
To touch the Passions, and command the Heart?
And yet from much Inferiour Pens, we know,
That Tears from happy Tales ill told will flow:
How gross the Error then——
To think in Plays, that Language is the whole?
The Smile is but the Body——Fable is the Soul;
We boast no Beauties, nor from Faults are free,
Yet we dare promise what you shall not see,
And when we others Faults with Caution shun,
'Tis the first step I have fewer of our own:
First then our Muse has clipt her Wings to Night,
Our Pegasus, as made for speed, not flight,
Strains fairly o're the Turf, nor soars from Nature's sight.
No Big-mouth'd Words the want of Thought supply,
Nor scale the Ransack'd Heavens for Simile;
No Scene for Talkings sake's brought useles on,
Nor main Design concludes before the Play is done.
No soft-soul'd Monarch pines for slighted Love,
While the coy Nymph his Humours to remove
Can't bear t'account, but lumps him out her Charms,
And with a generous Jump flies Rampant to his Arms,
No Ranting Heroes with loud Glory swell,
Nor build their Fame on Deeds impossible:
No Parlying Armies battle on the Stage,
While wrangling Chiefs in Wars of Words engage;
Nay, we've neglected too, tho' much in fashion,
To murder Innocence to move Compassion;
Nor yet to raise your Terror can we boast,
One dreadful Rising of a meal-sac'd Ghost:
No Thunder roars, nor Lightning gilds the Sky,
To usher down a dangling Deity.

Wonders like these we have not chose to shew,
For nothing's Great, that's not in Nature True:
The Scenes we chose to shew you, only crave
They may at least a friendly Sentence have;
For what Severity might kill, Advice may save:
Let 'em your Warning, not your Censure see;
For 'twou'd, methinks, a kind of Justice be,
To give the Muse a safe Retreat to Comedy.

Exit.

PILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL, Sirs! you've seen a Prodigy to day:
Two Lovers true! in this old-fashion'd Play;

But these were Romans: Our more modish Age
No such Examples shews, but on the Stage
Of all the Sparks, that sigh and ogle here,

(Hold! let me see--) the Chief are There, and There. [Pointing to the
Side-Boxes.

Shew me but one that wou'd expose his Life,

To gain that Comfortable Thing, a Wife:

But here, how many Husbands do I see

Wou'd gladly venture Hanging to get free!

I wish Perolla may not soon increase

The dismal Melancholick List of these:

Our Hearts, when marry'd, we but ill defend,

For that's the Time to gratifie a Friend;

Maids are unpractis'd, nice, and blush to try

What most they wish, and fear they know not why:

But Wives grow bold, and find when better taught,

The Danger's not so great, as once they thought.

Such Wives there may be, Sirs, but Oh! how few

Of us are false, compar'd to sinful You.

The Faults, that by our injur'd Sex are done,

Are owing to the Vices of your own:

Fond to Provoke, you take the Manly way,

To Swear and Lye, to Flatter and Betray;

Such is your Humour, or your Weakness such,

You cannot bear to be Below'd too much:

But roving on, new Conquests only prize,

Giving to All what scarce wou'd One suffice;

And such tame Fools do you our Sex believe,

Not to requite the Favours we receive.

Wou'd ye Gallants but fairly Play your Parts,

And know the Value of our faithful Hearts;

Wou'd ye the Grounds of our Complaints remove,

And make Returns of Constancy and Love;

You then wou'd find us Objects fit to trust,

For we are true, when ever you are just:

You then wou'd live with greater Pleasures blest,

Than e're in Love's soft Empire were possess'd;

For every Lover in his Fair wou'd find

True English Charms with Roman Virtue join'd.

Dramatis

2 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Bla. I take thee at thy Word: And let me warn thee well,
[Raising her.]

Before I lend my Patience to thy Cause,
That thou abuse it not with weak Defences,
Lest my Resentment shou'd with double Right
Be just to thy Undoing.

Iza. So may I justly meet it, or avoid,
As my Defence shall Censure or Acquit me.

Bla. Then tell me, say, How can'st thou first to set
Thy watchless Eyes upon this fatal Wretch,
When I thou know'st with such revolving Care
Still bred thy Youth in Courts from him remote,
To keep it (if 'twere possible) beyond
The working Power of Fate to join you ever?

Iza. Lend yet your Patience, and the Fact will prove
Not *Izadora*, but her Fate to blame.

Bla. Proceed, while yet my Temper holds to hear thee.

Iza. When Conqu'ring *Hannibal's* Vindictive Arms
In *Cannæ's* fatal Field had late prevail'd
A few press'd *Romans*, who escap'd his Sword,
Retreated to the Town (where you t'avoid
Perolla's fight had plac'd me with my Uncle *Magius*.
It chanc'd a Party of *Numidian* Horse
Pursued these flying *Romans* to the Gates,
Which in Victorious Pride they entering said,
They wanted not to seize, but kindly came,
They vaunting cry'd, to mend the *Roman* Breed
On their young Wives and Daughters: On the Word,
Strait to the Temple (where our Fears had shut us
T'implore the Gods) the cruel Victors came,
And from our Orisons with Brutal Force
The Wives and Virgins dragg'd relentless forth,
Whose piteous Cries and Shrieks so pierc'd the Hearts
Ev'n of the lost and conquer'd *Romans* there,
That Rage, Despair and Horror at the sight,
Gave 'em a new and treble Courage to protect us,
When strait they Fierce as darted Lightning flew
With swift Destruction on the Ravishers:

And

PEROLLA and IZADORA.

And in the Front of our Deliverers,
A Youth with straining Fury in his Eyes
Seizing the Wretch, whose impious Hand was bound
Fast in my Folded Hair, at one bold Stroke
Unlock'd his horrid Hold,
And laid him Gasping at my Feet :
At length this Brave Example and the Cause
Prevail'd; Half the *Numidians* slain,
The rest in Fear retreated to their Camp:
So Great, so Generous an Action—

Bla. Hold!

Your Praises may be spar'd, the Action speaks
It self; and to be just, I will suppose *Perolla*
Unknowing who you were was your Preserver.

Iza. It was indeed *Perolla*! Yet my Heart
Not more was pleas'd with Life so greatly sav'd,
Than griev'd to find the Obligation due
Where your Commands had told me I must Hate.

Bla. Thus far thou art my Daughter still: But say
What at *Petilia* past: For there I find
Thy Childish Heart was flatter'd to thy Ruine.

Iza. Know then, that there he was a second time
His Country's brave Deliverer, and mine :
From our Escape at *Canna*, to *Petilia* next
His Arms conducted us, where scarce arriv'd
But *Hannibal's* pursuing Force besieg'd us:
At which the fearful Magistrates allarm'd,
Conclude on Shameful Terms to yield the Town ;
But He *Perolla* firm opposing them,
They secret Plot without him to surrender,
And knowing too me yet neglectful of his Love,
Propos'd upon my Woman's Fears, that I
Shou'd by my Person promis'd to his Vows
Engage his Vote to yield in their Design ;
Or if I'd then Betray him to their Hands,
They'd full Revenge me on his painful Passion,
And send him Captive with their Terms to *Hannibal*!

Bla. Most impious Traytors! But I hope you yielded not
To such Proposals, tho' my Mortal Foe,
I wou'd not Hurt him with my Country's Ruine.

Iza. O far from such a Thought! I held in just
Abhorrence their Disloyal Fears, and to
Perolla strait their Vile Proposals told,
While He upon the instant fir'd to see me place,
So kind, unhop'd a Confidence in him,
Secures in Chains the false Conspirators,
And from th' Example of his glowing Virtue
So warms the Soldiers to exert their Arms,
That (on a Council held) they sally forth,
And in one Glorious Action raise the Siege.

Bla. And He on this slight Victory presuming,
Tells his Big Tale, pleases your Female Pride,
And, 'cause he sav'd *Petilia*, you were taken.

Iza. Yet hear my Fortune,
And in your utmost Prejudice you'll own
I yielded not till storm'd
By farther Obligations to surrender.
For at his glad return from that Victorious Salley,
The Wives, the Matrons by his Sword preserv'd;
The grateful Virgins too,
More tender of his long neglected Love,
In his behalf came kneeling to my Feet,
And in such soft Persuasions urg'd his Passion,
Sung with such moving Notes his Godlike Vertue,
With their Necessity of now Rewarding it,
So gently too reproach'd my Heart's Delay,
That I too conscious of my own Demerits,
Striving in vain to hide my speaking Blushes,
In Tears fell prostrate to the Earth, and beg 'em,
That they'd reproach no more my Virgin Fears;
But if they thought this Trifle of my Person
Were a Reward for any one that had
Deserv'd my Country's Favour, to dispose it
As they shou'd please—
At this they caught me in their Friendly Arms,

And

And press'd me with a Thousand thankful Kisses,
 While some Transported to *Perolla* flew,
 Whose doubtful Heart cou'd scarce believe their Joy:
 But when for proof approach'd in sight of me,
 Seeing my Tears, my Trembling, and my Blushes,
 He rush'd like frighted Life to its Protection,
 Flew to my Yielded Hand, and Fainted at my Feet:
 Thus, Sir, you see 'tis to the Cause of *Rome*,
 And not *Perolla's* Charms, that I have given my Heart.
 Nay he *Perolla* too at my Request,
 Now from *Petilia* having sent me first
 To render both our Duties to a Father. [Gives a Letter.

In just Obedience waves all Nuptial Hopes,
 Till your kind Sanction shall confirm him Happy.

Bla. My Daughter! O my Dearest *Isadora*!
 Well hast thou wrought thy Tale to melt my Temper,
 Nor can I call thy fatal Love thy Fault;
 But thy Misfortune Now —
 Find but another Name for lost *Perolla*,
 And he were yet, in spite of Prejudice,
 The First of Men I'd offer to thy Wishes:
 But as he is the false *Pacuvius* Son,
 The hateful curst *Pacuvius*, who before

His Treacherous Revolt to *Hannibal*
 Was still thy Father's Mortal Foe: As such
 I must detest him, cou'd he prove his Blood from *Jove*
 Has not for Nine Descents our House implacable
 Held out to his a fix'd Hereditary Hate?
 And shall we now, by so abhor'd a Union,
 Basely disdain our Great Fore-fathers Honour?
 Shall that expended Blood, which never yet
 Has mix'd with theirs, but on the reeking Earth,
 Flowing from mutual Wounds of unappeas'd Revenge,
 At last now ebb to the same Quality
 Of a Supine and listless Love,
 Dishonour! Death! and Tortures! —
 —And yet my *Isadora* is undone
 By Obligations bound, that Conscience Honour,

(And O I fear more punctual Love!)
Can never see unpaid! What will the Gods do with me?

Iza. My dearest Father, on my Knees I beg,
Let not your Fears for me divide your Breast
With this Perplexity of Thought: For tho'
My Soul can witness, that I'll sooner dye,
Than wrong the Friendship that I owe *Perolla*,
Yet rather than forego my Duty,
I wou'd resist my greatest Happiness.

Bla. Preserve that Thought, as thy first Hopes of Peace,
Or losing it expect Resistless Ruine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman call'd *Decius*, and
In haste intreats to be admitted.

Bla. Conduct him ———
We must defer this Cause, my *Isadora*,
Something Superior now demands my Thought,
If thou canst quit *Perolla*, I am happy;
If not, when I can crown thy Wishes
With a Reserve to my untainted Honour,
Depend upon a Father's Love.

Iza. I ask no more, or of the Gods, or You. [Ex. *Iza.*]

Enter Decius.

Bla. Thou'rt welcome *Decius*, doubly welcome, Now
What says the Consul to our New-born Hopes?
Are they approv'd, or are we Slaves to *Carthage*?

Dec. Masters, I hope my Lord: But how those Hopes
Go forward am I sent to learn of you.
Are the *Salapians* still resolv'd?

Bla. All Firm, and restless to Retrieve, or to
Revenge their Honour, and their Freedom lost,
Which daily now th' Insulting *Hannibal*,
Regardless of the Bonds on which he enter'd here
Most Tyrant-like incroaches on: For know
The false *Pacuvius*, tho' he wrought indeed
A spleenful Faction to betray the Town,
Yet with his utmost Skill cou'd on no easier terms
Deceive the Populace t' unbar the Gates,

Than

PERCILLA and ISADORA.

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That first of twenty Days compleat allow'd
For ev'n those Votes, that had oppos'd his Entrance,
To make their Choice for *Rome*, or *Hannibal*,
Which is indeed for Death or Slavery,
As my wrong'd Brother *Magius* Blood severe has prov'd.

Dec. How! *Magius* Dead! As a Delinquent Dead!
Are these his Proofs of Faith? Of what accus'd?

Bla. I'll tell thee *Devius*.

My Brother seeing of late the Slave *Pacuvius*
Fawning, and Supple to the Imperious Nod
Of *Hannibal* (whom he five Days before
Had call'd his Country's Execrated Foe)
His Boiling Heart, in Horror of the Sight,
Ev'n to the *Carthaginians* Front burst forth
Into such sharp Investives on *Pacuvius*,
Urging how much a Hero's Soul shoud scorn
The abject Friendship of so vile a Wretch,
That tho' he lov'd the Treason, yet shoud hate the Traytor:
Stern *Hannibal* incens'd as much at what his Sword
Had done, as what his Tongue then talk'd against him.
Swore on the Instant he shoud kneel, and ask
Pacuvius Pardon, or that Instant die:

Which *Magius* answering with a scornful Smile,
That Moment by the Guards was dragg'd along,
And on the common Shambles lost his Head.

Dec. O most Unhospitable Deed!
And how, my Lord, do the *Salapians* take it?

Bla. As you may guess, by what I now from them
Have to the Consul late propos'd: They hate
This Deed, and by this Town restor'd to *Rome*,
Resolve immediate to Revenge it.

Dec. And Right at once the Cause of *Rome*, and *Blacius*.

Bla. For me it matters not: My pleas'd Despight
Is half by Fortune acted on *Pacuvius*.
I've liv'd at last to see him False and Perjur'd;
False to his Gods, and Hateful to Mankind;
For what can more deserve to be abhor'd,
Than the vile Slave, that dares betray his Country?

Dec.

Dec. The greatest Justice that his Crimes can meet
Were from his greatest Foe to find his Punishment:
And that I hope the Gods reserve for you.

Bla. Lift but my Eye-lids up Ye Powers to see
That Day, and let the Hand
Of Fortune close 'em then for ever—

We talk away the Time:
How near's the Roman Army to *Salapia*?

Dec. Six Leagues this Morning was their utmost Distance,
And that their last Advances may be made
The Consul first has sent me for Advice,
To know what Numbers here were firmly Yours,
How soon they cou'd be ready to receive 'em,
What Gate wou'd easiest open to his Force,
And if to Night he may begin his silent March?

Bla. First for our Numbers, our Accounts—But hold,
It won't be safe too far to charge your Memory;
I better shall dispatch my self in Writing,
You'll pardon, Sir, a Moment's Trespas on
Your Patience.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Pacuvius* stays, from *Hannibal*
He says to treat with you.

Bla. *Pacuvius*, ha!
'Twere too much hazard, *Decius*, shou'd he find
You here—Retire a Moment—
I guess his Business, which I'll soon dispatch,
And then return to our Affair.

Dec. My Lord, I shall attend your leisure— [*Ex. Decius.*]

Bla. Where is he?

Ser. He walks, my Lord, without upon the Pavement;
And when I ask'd him if he'd please to Enter,
He stern reply'd me, No! I'll here see *Blacius*.
If he wont come, I'm answer'd, in his silence.

Bla. Now our Design's so near a Head, it won't
Be safe to flight a Thought from *Hannibal*,
Tho' my swoll'n Heart disdains the Converse of
This Traytor—Shew me,——

Ex. Bla. and Ser.
The

The SCENE drawing Discovers Pacuvius alone in a Piazza
before Blacius's House.

Pac. Fool that I am! I've hazarded too far!
Should *Blacius* now embrace the Offers I
Must make, again my weak Revenge might fail me:
For rather than partake one Cause with him,
I wou'd again revolt from *Hannibal*.
Since more my Spite to *Blacius*, than Regard
To *Carthage*, has reduc'd me False to *Rome* — 'Tis true
I've promis'd *Hannibal* to tempt his Faith —
—I'll keep my Word — but keep the Statesman too,
Who order'd to solicit what himself dislikes,
Takes care his manner of Persuasion may
Prevail to get the thing refus'd — He comes.

Enter *Blacius*.

Bla. Thou hit'st me well, *Pacuvius*, and I'm glad
Thy Pride refuses thee to enter here,
Where Custom wou'd, I own, have bound me up
To Hospitable Forms, which my Sincerity
Disdains to pay the Man I hate.

Pac. And to avoid Civilities from thee
Have I disdain'd to enter, and be these
The only Forms that ever pass between us.

Bla. I greet thee with an equal Scorn,
'Tis well — Deliver now thy Message.

Pac. My Message! What! think'st thou I am like thee?
A Slave to be commanded?

Bla. ————— No:
For to thy Fears and Falshood thou'rt a Slave,
By *Rome* abhorr'd, whose Cause thou hast betray'd;
By *Hannibal* despis'd, to whom thou art
A Slave, while I am only Captive from
The Chance of War, or rather not of War —

Pac. But me — I hated thee, and I betray'd thee;
And 'tis indeed my Soul's most comfortable Thought,
To know that I have ruin'd thee.

Bla. On to thy Business.

C

Pac.

10 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Pac. To Business then — From *Hannibal* I come
To know, if yet thou hast resolv'd thy Choice;
Twelve of the Twenty Days allow'd are past,
And much he wonders at thy cold Regard
Of all those Courteous Liberties, which he
Unbound allows: No Guard upon thy Doors,
No Persons question'd in Regress, or Entrance,
Confin'd in nothing but thy Word for Residence;
And in return to all these Favours, thou
Not only doest delay thy own Alliance,
But with thy best Persuasions doest retard
Others inclin'd from their declaring — Now
I have discharg'd my Trust to *Hannibal*;
But to be honest to the Hate I owe thee too,
I plain confess I wish thee still his Enemy;
Nor wou'd I be a Monarch in that State,
That wou'd accept a Friend in *Blacius*:
I've said, and now — thy Answer.

Bla. ————— This:
Tell *Hannibal*, tho' Twelve,
Yet not the Twenty Days agreed are past;
Till then he's bound in Honour not to urge
My Choice, which yet it lists me not to make:
And for the boasted Courtesies he does me,
I've little tasted them since *Magius* Death.

Pac. I had forgot — That too was wrought by me.
Magius had offended me, and I destroy'd him.

Bla. O! give me Patience! Thou! the honest Truths
He spoke of thee consider'd in his Death,
Wou'dst thou ascribe what *Hannibal* before
Resolv'd, as done i'th' least regard to thee?
Away, thy little Spleen was never thought on! Thou!
Audacious Vanity!

Pac. I tell thee, it was I — I gave thy Brother Death,
But thou'rt in Passion, and thy peevish Pride
Is touch'd to find thy Sorrows due to me.

Bla. Is Passion then a Crime, when such as thou
Escape *Jove's* Thunder, and infest Mankind!

PEROLLA and-IZADORA. 11

If Rage, or generous Repentment, be
For Wrongs yet unreveng'd, a Crime ; 'tis sure
The only one thy Soul yet never knew.

Pac. 'Tis False ! Nor is there in the horrid Scroll
Of Deeds facinorous a Crime, at which my Soul
Wou'd stop to prove my pointed Hate to *Blacius* :
Nay, if thou think'st 'tis Tameness makes me Cool,
I on occasion can be Loud as thee ;
My Blood, as soon as thine, can boil to Passion,
My Eyes with equal Fire confront thy Rage,
My Sword with a superior Fury meet thee,
——But as thou art the Man I'm born to hate,
Whose anxious Life I rather shou'd preserve
To feed my Gall upon thy lingering Woes,
Methinks 'tis more tormenting to thy Spleen,
T'insult the thus——with calm-deliberate Malice.

Bla. Hear this ye Powers !

Pac. One thing I farther too shou'd tell thee of,
(For I confess it is a feeling Pleasure
With such Excesses to afflict thy Soul)
Letters this Morn inform me, that my Son *Perolla*
In a late Sally at *Petilia's* Siege,
Has push'd his Youthful Gallantry so far,
That in thy Daughter *Izadora's* Eyes
The Action had such sweet Romantick Charms,
Sh'as quite forgot our Family's fierce Hate,
Disowns her Father, and pursues his Love,
I cannot say indeed she sigh'd in vain,
But I believe his Longings may be over,
For I am told the Boys satiety
Has since dismiss'd her home again to thee.

Bla. Notorious ! Damn'd, invented Falshood !
But that I've now a better way to gall
Thy Heart, my Sword shou'd right her injur'd Fame.
See there, the Stab to thy retorted Malice ;

[Gives him *Perolla's* Letter.

Read there, who most forgets the Fathers's Hate :
From his own Hand thy conquer'd Son's her Slave,

12 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

In Terms submissive begs he may Espouse her,
 He burns, he dies with Horrour to Enjoy her;
 And let him perish, die and rot with lean Despair,
 For cou'd (which is impossible) my Rage suppose,
 That after my accumulated Wrongs,
 And now thy spotted Malice to her Fame,
 My Child cou'd think in favour of thy Son,
 Perdition seize me, but these honest Hands
 From her degenerate Breast shou'd rip her Heart,
 And dash it in the Face of curs'd *Perolla*.

Pac. Damnation! Marry her! [*Having read the Letter.*]

Bla. What is thy Pride confounded at the News?
 Nay then at once to strike thee dumb for ever,
 My *Izadora*! Ho! Come forth, thy Father calls!
 Now thou shalt see that dire Revenge so long
 Delay'd of our Contesting Houses Hate,
 In conquering *Izadora's* Eyes at last
 To ample Expiation is reserv'd —

Enter Izadora.

I call'd thee, *Izadora*, — Mark me well!
 There stands the Man, whose Ancestors to thine,
 As thine to his, for now Two Hundred Years
 Have liv'd, and gloried in a ceaseless Hate;
 The Man, to whose perfidious Spite thou ow'st
 Thy Father's Bondage, and thy Country's Ruine,
 The Man who to my Face this instant now
 Has thrown such vile Aspersions on thy Fame,
 Thy Modesty wou'd sink shou'd I repeat 'em,
 Now then consider well —
 That on thy just Resentment of these Wrongs
 Depends our Houses Honour, and thy Fame's Revenge:
 I think thou art my Daughter, and it were
 To doubt thy Virtue shou'd I urge thee more;
 But as thou'rt conscious of no Stain deserv'd,
 I now conjure thee by thy Mother's Tomb,
 By her most dread Regards to spotless Fame,
 And by the Father's Pangs of injur'd Honour,
 Let thy disdainful Eyes exert their Art

T'avenge

T'avenge our mutual Wrongs on curs'd Perolla's Heart.

[Exit Blacius with Izadora.]

Pac. What grinning Fury from invidious Hell,
Has plotted with this Fiend to grate my Soul!
My Son! Perolla! O abandon'd Boy!
Do I behold my Treasure of Revenge,
Which I in Avarice of Hate had like
A Self-denying Miser hoarded up
For my Support in feeble Spleens, Old Age
At last exhausted by a Woman's smile,
Consum'd in Folly by a spendthrift Boy,
And drain'd in Riots of degenerate Love!
Nor stops the Horror there, but forms new Fears:
What if in spite to me, as I to him,
The Vengeful *Blacius* shou'd comply with *Hannibal*,
Become his firm Ally, and then perhaps
His servile Arts, as they prevail'd with *Rome*
To get himself in scorn preferr'd to me,
May possibly alike succeed with *Carthage*,
And so a second time insult my Fortune!
Ten Thousand Ponyards are within me,
——Be hush'd my Heart, a Beam of dawning Thought
Darts to my Brain, and forms Reviving Ease ——
——The Means I have——why not Resolve the Deed?
'Tis done——my Vengeful Heart's at rest, and *Blacius* dead.

Exit.

ACT the SECOND.

The SCENE, a Garden to *Pacuvius* his House.

Enter *Pacuvius*, and Three Romans.

Pac. You saw how *Hannibal* receiv'd his Answer.
1st Rom. Be sure it stung his Pride to be so slighted.
2d Rom. *Blacius* methinks from *Mugius* Death.

Might

14 *PERCELLA and ISADORA*

Might better have been warn'd,
Than to insult his Conqueror. *(gins ?*

3d Rom. What hinders *Hannibal* to use him then like *Ma-*
Pac. Why this, *Magius* was hot, a headstrong Foe;
But *Hannibal* in *Blacius* hop'd a Friend,
And therefore gave his Honour when he enter'd here
To be himself his Guard——Now that's the Bar:
But shall we think, that *Blacius* Death wrought by
Some private means unknown to *Hannibal*
(Whatever Face in show he might put on)
In his close Heart wou'd not to the last oblige him?

1st Rom. Impossible but so.

2d Rom. It must of course.

Pac. When Great Men frown upon a stubborn Foe——

3d Rom. They seldom count him such, that ends him.

Pac. Right——All Actions can't have publick Thanks,
But this I know,
That Minister, who lays up no Rewards
For secret Service will have little done,
Or in the Camp or State: Shall I be plain?
I think you are my Friends, I'm sure I've cause
To think you are, since at my suit the Cause
Of *Rome* with me disdaining you've deserted;
Which Thought alone consider'd, 'twere in me
The worst Ingratitude, shou'd I neglect
To push your friendly Fortunes with my own:
What need I words? You've now th' Occasion in
Your hands: One Blow compleats your Wishes;
Shew your selves Men, and I'm in Honour bound
To whisper your Deserts to *Hannibal*.

3d Rom. My Lord, you have propos'd us well; but each
Man speak his own Opinion: For my self
I ever thought in Actions desperate
Long Pauses shew'd a cold Consent.

Pac. My Friends--you see---I'm plain---who likes the offer?

1st Rom. I.

2d Rom. And I.

3d Rom. Then all of us,

Pac.

PEROLLA and ISADORA. 15

Pac. *Pacuvius* then's the Agent of your Fortunes,
[Bow'ing to them all.

You know the Platform, where his own House stands,
There every silent shyn Night alone

He moody walks, and chews his Discontent,
The properest place, I think, to end his Cares;

I need not say he's sure: For you are Three,
The Fact once done, and you unknown escap'd.

With secret pleasure *Hannibal* receives

The News: Yet in his seeming Rage proclaims

Rewards for them that bring th'Assassins forth,

On which I smiling tell him in his Ear,

That were these barb'rous honest Fellows known,

The Troops now vacant need not want Commanders.

3d Rom. If I don't head one soon, it sha'n't be want
Of Merit.

2d Rom. ——— Push, as far as any Man.

1st Rom. I long to meet this *Blacius*.

Pac. I long to bring you all Commissions

3d Rom. Why do we loyter then?

Pac. 'Tis now about his Hour.

3d Rom. His last, my Lord——you'll hear of us.

[Ex. Romans.

Pac. Here at my own House I shall expect you——so!
Now *Blacius*, our Accounts are even.

Enter a Servant with a Light.

Ser. My Lord, a *Roman* now without presents
You this, and begs your speediest Answer.

Pac. Give me the Taper——Ha! *Perolla's* Hand:
(Reads) 'Forgive me, if my Heart confesses Grief,

'To find my safety doubtful at your Doors:

'I've been too firm a Friend to *Rome*, & expect

'Protection from the Friend of *Hannibal*;

'And yet, whate'er the Gods or You design,

'I'm still *Pacuvius* most Obedient Son.

Perolla—

Give him this Signet with my Honour for

His safe Return: The Virtue of this Boy

Stirs me to think how far I'm his Inferior,

[Ex. Serv

Yet

16 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Yet——why Inferior——say, I've chosen wrong,
 If I believe it right, I hold my Virtue still:
 'Tis not the Truth or Error of his Cause,
 But as a Man defends the Choice h'as made,
 That crowns his Fame, or brands him with Dishonour.
 If in the Cause of *Carthage* then I err,
 My Judgment, not my Virtue, is to blame.
 Here's one that comes, I guess, to question me;
 But I'm prepar'd——Approach, my Son, 'tis I,
 Thy Father, speaks; Thou'rt private here, and safe.

Enter Perolla.

Per. In Thanks thus bending, I receive your Love,
 The time has been when I durst meet you free
 In open Day, and unassur'd Protection:
 Why are these hateful Forms between us now?

Pac. Those Times are chang'd.

Per. And not *Pacuvius*?

Pac. No——for I was always constant to the Cause
 Of Honour; therefore left the Cause of *Rome*.

Per. Therefore!
 Stupendious Paradox! Now chang'd indeed!

Pac. *Rome* basely did me wrong, and what I've done
 Was a Revenge my Conscience ow'd my Merit.
 The frosty Sieges, and the scorching Camps,
 Which I had felt in her ungrateful Cause,
 Deserv'd a better Treatment, than to see
 My mortal Foe prefer'd before me, *Blacius*!
 Why was not I *Salapias* Governour?

Per. In Posts of such Concern
 Sometimes the high Distempers of a State
 Necessitate a Wrong like what you think one;
 The Inclinations of Senate were,
 I dare affirm more fond of you, than *Blacius*;
 But at that time, as Physick to its Feavour,
 To Purge a Faction, which disturb'd the State,
 They were content the Clamours of a Party shou'd
 Extort Preferment for their Leader *Blacius*.

Pac. Mean Slaves!

Per.

PEROLLA and ISADORA. 87

Per. ——— But since the fatal Consequence,
With what Sincerity 'tis now repented,
This from the Senate later will convince you.

[Offering a Letter.]

Pac. Ha! Is't possible! What's that with me? Alas!
Perolla, thou mistak'st the Man. *Perolla*? No!
No Matter, he's a tame unthinking Wretch,
Contented with the Burthen of Disobedience? Does
I hate 'em more for Fawning than their dolly Bark,
Yet 'tis a Transport to my Soul to see
I have disdain'd to Read their servile Offers,
And thou too now, as well as they, art blind.
I am the same, the constant Roman,
Whose fix'd Resentment of my Country's Wrong
Has made Revenge my Virtue.

Per. If not for Rome, for my Son's sake at least,
Peruse the Terms: For by my Son's Life
They're such as you with Honour may receive.
To my Discretion did the Senate yield,
And gladly offer, what your Son (I hope
Your Friend) Proposes.

Pac. Nor yet for thy sake will I deign to read 'em:
Canst thou too think thy Father's Soul so tame,
As to suppose their Provinces could bring me back?
What! Bow to Shame! With humble, downcast Looks,
Repent a Crime of which my Heart is proud!
And in the Vote of an Imperious Senate, live
A branded, poor, forgiven Rebel? No!
Tell 'em, I scorn their Friendship, and their Power,
And will with Flaws and chastize their Insolence.

Per. Nay then I see, all hope to move you's vain,
A fateless Passion eats your Reason up,
And leaves you but the Fragment of your self:
Lost is the Father, and the Roman State,
Rome, and *Perolla* bid you now Farewell for ever.
Farewel ye Pleasures of exalted Virtue,
Whose generous Effects my flatter'd Youth
Propos'd should give a new and vital Joy

18 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

To my declining Father's Age: Now I
 With dread shall draw my guilty Sword in War,
 Since every Drop it sheds of hostile Blood
 Must flow from an offended Father's Wounds!
 Rome too farewell; thy Cause is desperate now!
Pacuvius, that supported thee, is lost,
 Firm Leagu'd with *Hannibal* to lead thy Sons
 In Chains, and lay thy Towers in Ashes—
 —The Gods can tell—Perhaps it may be so,
 And your prevailing Arms success in time
 May bring the hoary Senate to your Feet
 Bound, and imploring Pardon of your Wrongs,
 Which you Triumphant possibly Refuse:
 Suppose this done, and your best Hopes accomplish'd,
 Yet where's the Pleasure of this deaf Revenge?
 To see the Partners of your happier Life
 In their Estates, their Wives, and their Posterity
 From a Caprice of your impatient Temper made
 Hereditary Slaves? Can Human Sense
 Retain a Taste of Joy, that flows from such a Spring?
 Is the loud World's Applause and Censure priz'd
 Alike? Or has it more of Happiness
 To live mistrusted 'mong her Cautious Foes,
 (For your Revenge, and not your Interest serves 'em)
 Than in your Country's Cause be try'd a Friend,
 And end your Days in Native Honour?
 O! when to future Time our Story shall
 Be told, how will it stain the Faith of Men
 To think *Perolla* had a *Roman* Father?
Pac. *Perolla!* O what would I not endure
 One Moment to enjoy thy honest Mind?
 Thou'lt found (I know not how) the wakeful means
 To Rouze me to a Sense of my Condition;
 I'll strive a while to Man my Virtue forth,
 And if I find thee act the like, if thou
 Like me canst starve thy most Voracious Passion,
 To seek the joint Revenge of our insulted Honour,
 'Tis possible, I yet may read the Terms of *Rome*.

Per.

PEROLLA and IZADORA 19

Per. Give me a Proof, my Honour's touch'd with Wrong,
My greatest Joys were tasteless to Revenge.

Pac. There spoke th' inspir'd Soul of my *Perolla*,
I'll tell thee then, 'tis not so much, I own,
Revenge to *Rome*, as to my mortal Foe,
Curs'd *Blacius*, that has made me leave her Cause:
On Him and His, the Drouth of my Revenge
Is never to be slak'd, but in avow'd Perdition:
Now if in that thou provest but half my Son,
To *Rome* and thee I'm whole a Friend and Father.
To which how firm my *Misere* is inclin'd,
Judge by the Violence I do my Heart,
When this to *Blacius*, from thy Hand, I pardon.

[Gives him his Letter to Blacius.]

Per. Thus let me bend in Thanks, and beg to know
(For that's the Rock from which you'd steer my Virtue)
Wherein my Honour's so concern'd I avoid
My Love! O tell me! For the Thought's a Rack.

Pac. (*Aside*) He warns to my Design,
Not then to mind thee of our *Misere* State.

Per. That's odd, I know it Sir, but on—

Pac. To tell thee then
What I this Day from *Blacius* have endur'd,
When I presuming on my *Blacius* Hate,
Smil'd at the Fondness of his *Blacius* Subdu'd,
And urg'd how light thou wast of *Blacius* Honour,
Hadst thou beheld with what insulting Spleen
That Letter to my *Pride*'s Confusion he produc'd,
With what transferr'd Eyes, and big Disdain,
He warn'd his Daughter's Scorn & avenge his Hate on thee.
That! that alone might start thee into Madness:
It stabs me but to think, that I need Words
T' inflame thee to be foremost in thy Pride,
And from this glorious Hour to leave with scorn
Th' abandon'd *Izadora*.

Per. Foremost would I always be in starts of Honour,
But have you proof, that *Blacius* Dread commands
Prevail'd upon his perjur'd Daughter's Faith?

20 *PEROLLA and IZADORA.*

Did she, did *Izadora* yield her Love,
And join his Fury in pursued Revenge?

Pac. I cannot say I saw her, but be sure
His Prayers or Vows against her threatned Life
By this time must have mov'd her to abjure thee.

Per. If I believ'd, that Prayers or Threats, that Bribes
Or Dangers, cou'd unlock the Treasure of her Faith,
This Heart, disdainful of her worthless Charms,
Shou'd turn her loose, the Mistress of Mankind,
To sate the gross Desires of vulgar Love:
But as she is, as now my grateful Heart
Supposes her, unshaken in her Truth,
Tho' with her Father's fatal Rage pursued,
Methinks I see him gainst her Life resolv'd!
Now, now perhaps th'obdurate *Blasius* Hand
Furious directs his lifted Dagger's Point
To her unchanging Heart, while she in Plains
And Tears successless begs for Mercy, then
Looks up in Sighs submissive to his Rage,
Swells forth her beauteous Bosom to the stroke,
When to her Charms Distress—he drops the Ponyard down.

Pac. Suppose, what but thy Fancy paints were true—

Per. Shall I for such Extremities endur'd
Turn Recreant Rebel, and desert her Love?
Shall she, whose Temper like a Rock withstood
The forceful Onset of the rend'ring Passion,
Crown'd with the Merit of her Life preserv'd,
Yet when her Country's Cause requir'd the Change,
When at her Feet the grateful Virgin kneel'd
To implore her Pity on my Love's Despair,
With what Confusion for her Heart with-hold,
Broke she through all the Bars of ancient Hate,
And at *Petilia* on my Sword's success
Resign'd the vast Profusion of her Charms?
Shall she in Bloom of Beauty too be left?
Such matchless Virtues, and such Love forlorn?
O! 'tis an Act so horrid to my sense,
It starts my Reason into Fury at the Thought.

Pac.

PERCELLA. 55

Pac. No more, I charge thee, do more
 Canst thou suppose thy name is so great
 Thee chaunt the Romans, and they are so great
 Are thy vile Enemies so great
 Yet stronger than thyself
 Is my Alliance too for low
 Thoult rather lose it, than
 What canst thou hope, but to be provok'd
 I too like thee combat
 Should seize thee, should
 And in the presence of
 Be dumb! let I should
 For spite of all thy ostent
 There's something in the
 That's pleas'd (tho' draw
 To see the young Lucius
 And tho' I now should
 Yet Nature pleads, and

The SCENE Opens in the Street. Lucius enters the Stage, and at some distance, the Three Romans follow him.

1st Rom. Yonder he walks, he walks him while his Back
 Is towards us.

3d Rom. ————
 At least dispatch him with the Face of Honour:
 First hold him in Exile a while,
 Provoke him with Rarities, and his Patience, then
 In Heat of his Reclamation

2d Rom. I like that: I like that ————

1st Rom. ————
 Let's on before they reach us. ————

[Exeunt.]
Enter Perolla, and Strato his Page.

Stra. Must we away to Night, my Lord?

Per. To Night, my Strato,
 My Business disappointed so requires:
 Thou knowst not where the House of *Blacius* stands.

Stra. Not I, my Lord; for tho' I serv'd her long,

My

My Lady *Isadora* never once
Was then within *Salamin* Walls: But you,
My Lord, I thought had long resided here.

Per. When I was young, I am inform'd, I did,
But since my Memory can witness, never,
Where do the *Hoxies* wait us?

Stra. Near half a Mile without the Town, my Lord.

Per. On then before, my *Sirats*, and prepare em:
I'll walk a Turn, and overtake thee. ——— [Ex. *Per.*
I know not why, but cannot leave this place:
And tho' apparent Danger's in my stay,
Yet where my Love resides, my Heart will hover.
Fain wou'd I stay, if possible to learn
How Beauteous *Isadora's* Prayers succeed,
How far they're left, or may have gain'd on *Blacius*.
Ha! What sudden Clash of Swords! This way it comes!
Either the Moon's pale Light deceives me too,
Or I perceive in shameful odds Three Men
With Points determin'd upon One Retreating!

Enter Blacius, Retreating before the Three Romans.

Perolla draws, and Interposes.

How now! What means this Midnight Outrage! Hold!

Bla. Fortune, I thank thee, yet there's left an Hope.

Per. If you are Men that hold your Honour dear,
For shame, lay by these most Unmanly Odds,
And singly Hand to Hand decide your Difference.

2d Rom. Presumptuous Slave, retire, left on thy self
Thou draw'st a Fate design'd alone for him.

Per. Nay then his Cause is worthy of my Sword;
Take Courage, Sir, you're stronger than you were,
They now have me to kill, before they reach you.

Bla. O generous Stranger! see how thy Fire has warm'd me.

[*They Fight.*

Per. There, Sir:

[*Kills one.*

Now Slaves we are of equal force.

2d Rom. No, Sir, your Courage we have prov'd, and now
'Tis time to try your Speed.

[*They run off.*

Per.

Per. Notorious Villains.

Bla. O Godlike Youth! This O'er-much Demanded
More Thanks than this poor Life has yet paid on!

Per. The Action!—Believe you wronged, because you
More trusted in their Names, than in their Merits.

Bla. The Gods defend me!—But God!—My Blood!

Per! 'Tis nothing, Sir, I am now—How now, how now?

3d Rom. Oh!—I am now—How now, how now?

Bla. Ha! What Means you?—I am now—How now, how now?

Per. One of the Actions!—Believe you wronged, because you
More trusted in their Names, than in their Merits.

Bla. 'Tis to inform you, that I am now—How now, how now?

From him, whose Name I am now—How now, how now?

Who set thee on?—I am now—How now, how now?

3d Rom. With huge Rage, I am now—How now, how now?

Pacuvius wrought me to—How now, how now?

Bla. Pacuvius!—I am now—How now, how now?

Per. My Father!—I am now—How now, how now?

3d Rom. As I am dying, I am now—How now, how now?

If this Confession can—How now, how now?

(For all Relief's too late) I am now—How now, how now?

Per. Ha!—I am now—How now, how now?

O my transported Heart!—I am now—How now, how now?

My dearest Blood, if the last—How now, how now?

Have sav'd the Father of—How now, how now?

Ha! What means this Flood within my Bosom?

Bla. How is it, Sir?—How now, how now?

Per. I doubt I'm hurt—How now, how now?

Bla. Now all good—How now, how now?

Be pleas'd a while to make—How now, how now?

There Surgeons shall be call'd—How now, how now?

Per. In my Condition, Sir, The Favour's not—How now, how now?

To be refus'd.

Bla. ——— Recline upon my Arm.

Per. I thank you, Sir,—This Care o'er-pays my Service.

The Hope's too great! my Pulse Heart lie still.

If Izadora's there, the Wound I feel,

Tho' deeper, yet her beauteous Eyes wou'd heal. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Pacuvius alone, with a close Light.

Pac. The Noise of Clashing Swords is hush'd, and now
The sawey *Blacius* I presume's at peace. What think you
What's that?—By my fierce Flood of Joy, 'tis *Hell*!

[Treading against the dead Roman]

Supine and Speechless, as a Dumb-hill Dog)
My Blades, I see, have well perform'd their Work;
How now, Friend *Blacius*! yet thou art left so low!
Could not thy Christian Breath one Moment more
Have lagg'd to let me feel my glun'd Ears
On the 1st Ground of thy Expiring Life?
This all he gather'd Fruit of my Revenge
To see thee Senseless at my Joy, and want to die and more
To have thee know my Transport at thy Death.
But let me see, perhaps thou'st left a Grain
On thy distorted Face, may I kiss me
Thou dy'dst in *Carthage* on *Punjab* living.

[Opens his Light, and looks on his Face.]

Detraction! Tortures in *Hell*! What do I see?
Not *Blacius*! but the Coward Carcass of
The Slave that should have kill'd him. Sure no Witch
Was ever torn by Fortune like *Pacuvius*!
As if the Gods had vow'd my vain Revenge
To this excessive Violence should swell
To be it self its greater Punishment!

Enter Decius.

Be hush'd my Thoughts, some one approaches.

Dec. This must be sure the House
'Tis near th'appointed Hour—yet he's not come!
He said himself would privately walk forth
And here expect an Answer from the Consul! Ha!
I think I see him! Hark! Lord, *Blacius*!

Pac. Who's there?

Dec. 'Tis I, *Decius*.

Pac. Ha!

Dec. This from the Consul! All goes well! *[Gives him a Letter.]*
Be punctual, and the Consequence will thank you.

Pac. Stay, Sir.

Dec.

Dec. It may be dangerous, my Lord, and needs not
You'll find it asks for no Reply: Farewell. [*Ex. Decius.*]

Pac. 'Tis certain he intended this for *Blacius*,
And by his Fear to stay some close Design,
Some secret Practice for the Cause of Rome,
(Wherein perhaps curs'd *Blacius* is concern'd)
Lies lurking in this Scroll — my Soul's impatient.

[*He reads by his Light.*]

' To Morrow, near the Midnight Hour,
' Three lighted Torches from the Cittadel
' Let be the Sign, that then the *Brutian* Gate
' Is open to our Force's Entrance:
' *Pacuvius*, for *Perolla's* sake, we first
' With friendly Offers by his Son have try'd
' To call again into our Cause, who not
' Complying shares the Fate of *Hannibal*,
' Be careful of thy Health: Farewell. The Consul
Fabius.

This goes to *Hannibal*, whose Rage allarm'd,
In durant Chains confines my Traytor Foe,
Whose wisest Thought to free him from this Snare,
Will work in vain: For well Experience proves,
When Great Men Justice against Great Men crave,
Their Step's but short from Prison to the Grave. [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

The SCENE *Blacius his House.* *Blacius and Perolla:*
Servants attending.

Bl. NOT that I've scapt my disappointed Foe,
Transports me more, than that my kind Preserver's
Appears without a Mark of Danger. (Wound
And that my abler Gratitude may know
To whom the future Service of my Life

E

Is

26 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Is due, your Pardon, Sir, if I presume
To ask the Name of my Deliverer.

Per. Not for the World's Dominion dare I own it: [*Aside.*
The Service you've receiv'd (in being, Sir,
So much, what Man for Man in Honour's bound
To do) shou'd Hope no more return, than what's
Already paid; therefore I beg I may
Conceal my Name, lest I shou'd seem to put
You on the Thought of farther Gratitude.

Bla. Your Title to command me, Sir, may thus
Deprive me of the Means, tho' not the Will to thank you.
Yet let me, tho' unknown, thus far intreat you,
That till your urgent Business calls you hence,
You'll please to make this humble Roof your own.
Call forth my Daughter. [*To his Servant.*

Serv. My Lord, I hear her coming.

Per. Keep down my buisy Heart; nor let thy Joy
Confest betray thee to thy Hope's undoing. [*Aside.*

Enter Izadora.

Iza. My Father! Let the Gods for ever thus protect him!
I have been told the Dangers you've escap'd,
And my transported Heart can bear no bounds. [*Embracing*

Bla. 'Tis well my Daughter, and I thank thy Love, *his Knees.*
But as thou still wou'dst have me think my Life
To thee is dear, to the kind Author of
Thy Joy assist me in my Thanks — to this

Most generous Stranger pour thy Paises forth, [*Per. bows*
Whose Life endanger'd has preserv'd thy Father. *to Iza.*

Iza. O all y'Indulgent Powers! *Perolla!* [*Aside and over-*

Bla. So only shall I judge of thy regard to me, *joy'd.*
As to his timely Virtue thou art Just:

'Tis now our mutual Cause of grateful Honour,
Therefore I charge thee by that sacred Thought,
Tune all thy Sexes sweet harmonious Charms,
Exert the thrilling softness of thy beauteous Eyes
To sooth his Soul, lose no attempt to gain
The honest Power of ev'n relieving Gratitude.

Per. What do the Gods intend me? [*Aside, and pleas'd.*

Iza.

Iza. (to *Bla.*) Sure, Sir, in such a Cause, however
My Ignorance may err, you cannot doubt my Will:
For judge me, O ye awful Powers! If ever Act,
That Human Virtue yet might boast, could more
Oblige my Sense, or fill my Heart with half the Joy,
As what this Generous Stranger has perform'd:
Now, on my Soul, it was a Godlike Deed;
And since by your Instruction, Sir, I speak,
Forgive me, if my grateful Heart confesses,
M' unwearied Tongue could dwell for ever on its Praise.

Bla. Ha! [Pleas'd.]

Per. (to *Iza.*) Such Praises sung by such Enchanting Notes
Might lift the Coward to aspiring Thoughts:
Therefore take heed, thou bounteous, lovely Maid,
Lest what thy Virtue may intend me well,
My vainer Hopes should wrest to my Undoing.

Bla. By all my Joys he kindles to my Wishes! [Aside.]

Iza. O never can I reach thy due of Praise!
Most Glorious Youth, thou Darling of the Gods!
For after this so unforeseen a Chance,
That led thee forth to so renown'd a Deed,
How many Great and Glorious Actions more
Must we conclude their Providential Care,
For thy sole Virtue has reserv'd?

Bla. She too delighted in her Sex's Pride,
Exerts her pointed Charms, and like
Th' Ambitious Hero in his Arms success, } [Aside.]
Feels no Remorse, or Conscience in her Conquests.

Iza. Such Actions make the tenderest Gratitude—
A Duty [To *Perolla.*]

Bla. Thou God of Love! God of Resistless Fires,
Who oft in Female Hearts with Triumph seest
Th' unlook'd-for Changes of thy wanton Power,
Now to the Aged Votary lend thy Ear,
O! to the Follies of her former Love
Add yet one more, that may atone the Guilt!
Grant her vile Passion for *Perolla's* Charms,
The nobler Flame of this superiour Youth

28 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Surmounting may efface, and end my Fears;
Let what her seeming Virtue wou'd destroy,
Her more implor'd Inconstancy preserve,
And on *Pacuvius* Blood exert my full Revenge. [*Aside.*]

Per. Now then's the Proof of this avow'd Compassion,
The Gods at last in pity of my Love [*To Iza. aside.*]
Have given thee now most Providential means
T'elude thy Father's Hate, and crown my Wishes;
Thou seest he courts thee to engage my Passion,
Let then what his Injustice wou'd refuse
Perolla be at once the Cause and just
Excuse of thy Compliance, O! my Heart!
If now thy Hopes are lost, not *Blacius* Hate,
But *Izadora's* Cruelty destroys thee.

Iza. Dismiss these vain and groundless Fears: For by
The endless Obligations which I owe thee,
No Bonds, no Bribes, or Threats of Power oppos'd,
Shall shake my Firmness of protested Faith;
Therefore methinks thy undiscourag'd Love,
Which yet untir'd has trod the rocky Paths of Honour,
Shou'd not at last Desponding change its way,
Or use th'Inglorious Limbs of low Deceit
To climb the Mountain Summit of its Joy:
Since thy enduring Virtue has in me
Subdued the Force of an inherent Scorn,
Why shou'd the Complaints of our persisting Duty
Despair of Pity from the Conquer'd *Blacius*?
You sha'nt Reproach me with that grieving Look,
Since what I mean's but to deserve *Perolla*.

Per. Thou art my Fate, and must dispose me.
(*To Bla.*) I hope your Favour will excuse my Fault,
If the Engagement of your Daughter's Charms
Have made me, Sir, forget my self to you.

Bla. Your Actions, Sir, so far have bound me yours,
There's no way left you to increase the Debt,
But to inform me how some part I may repay.

Per. Not that I think my Service can deserve
The friendly Freedom I wou'd beg to take,

Yet

Yet not to flight your Generosity,
Vouchsafe me then your leave to know, how far
This Fair One's Heart, or your Consider'd Thoughts,
In promis'd Love or Marriage stand engag'd.

Bla. How far the Ripening Folly of her Sex
May secret have incin'd her Heart, were hard
To say — But for my self, my Promises
Are yet unmade, and were it possible
Thy least inclining Thought had made thee Curious,
By all the flatter'd Hopes of my Ambition,
Most Generous Stranger, I am yet to know
The Man my Wishes wou'd prefer to thee.

Per. Take heed nor flatter into hope a Wretch,
Whose Heart wou'd burn in unoffending Fires.

Bla. To give thee then a Proof, I mean my Words,
If as thy Deeds have spoke thee, thou canst prove
Thee born of Noble Blood, this grateful Hand
(Regardless of thy Fortune, tho' depress'd)
With Joy, shall yield thee up a Father's Right,
To urge Obedience, or persuade her Love
To crown thy Wishes with deserv'd Possession.

Per. If then my Birth and Fortune both I prove
Not, equal to the Noblest Romans Boast,
Let, Sir, at once your Scorn destroy my Hopes,
And spurn me as my Arrogance deseryes.

Bla. Thus then to what my Honour has propos'd,
Thus Kneeling to th'attesting Gods I swear —

Iza. Oh! Hold! My too kind Father, yet forbear
Your Oath —

Bla. ——— Too kind! What mean thy riddling Tears?

Iza. With Joy to give you now a Proof severe,
How tenderly my trembling Heart prefers
Your Quiet to its own: To let you see
No Thought of Happiness can yet surmount
The honest Passion of my Filial Love:
Tho' now, what you with Oaths have offer'd to perform,
Perform'd wou'd crown the utmost Wishes of my Soul,
Yet let me rather starve my Hopes for ever,

Tham

Than by a Wile of guilty Silence bind
Your Cheated Honour to Reward my Love.

Bla. My startled Thoughts!

Iza. For know this Generous Stranger, whom the Gods
(In kind addition to his Flames Desert)
Had sure decreed shou'd save my Father's Life,
Whom you, Unprejudic'd, so high have prais'd,
Whose Glorious Actions have o'er-priz'd my Heart,
Whom your Commands have press'd me to receive,
(O! hear me with Compassion) is *Perolla*. [*Kneeling.*]

Bla. Ha!

Iza. The same *Perolla*, whom your anxious Fears
So strict have warn'd me to avoid; yet he,
Whose Love our Fate seems since to have resolv'd
Shou'd prove at last the Medicinal Balm
To heal the Rancour of our Houses Hate.

Bla. Distraction! has my Error's Dotage too, [*Walking*
Consenting sooth'd him in his fatal Love? [*Thoughtfully.*]

Per. My Lord, I find you are, as I foresaw you, stung
To feel your Honour plung'd in such Extreams;
But yet — if Modesty might speak —

Bla. *Pacuvius* Son! Remorseless Powers! Why was
That hateful Hand reserv'd to give me Life,
From which my Death had been the easier pain?
Judge me your selves, in all that Life's whole Course,
Cou'd ever yet Reproach confront me with
An Act, that ought t' have dy'd my Cheeks with Shame.
Why then this dire Distress upon my Soul,
That to my Bosom I must either take
The Man, whom to incessant Rage I hate,
Or to the World's Inquiring Tongues expos'd,
Must stain my Fame by foul Ingratitude? [*Walks disorder'd.*]

Iza. (To *Per.*) Give him his Thoughts, and let his Passions
His temper ne'er was long oppos'd to Pity. (cool)

Bla. No! no! [*Beating his Breast.*]

I'm not so wretched as my Fancy makes me,
The self-same Hand, that sav'd, unthank'd, this Life,
Has robb'd a Father of his ripe Revenge!

Pacuvius

PEROLLA and IZADORA.

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Pacuvius murtherous Hope's not only lost,
But by his Son defeated! He, whom his Heart's Pride
So fondly loves, protecting me has prov'd
His greatest Curse, and rakes his harrow'd Soul.
Nay he, *Perolla* too has now himself undone,
Had I been kill'd the Bar had been remov'd;
Then unoppos'd he had enjoy'd his Love,
And o'er m' insulted Grave had danc'd his Joy:
But he has sav'd his Foe to blast those Hopes,
And dash his Passion with pursu'd Despair.

Per. Despair's the surest stab to reach my Heart,
Or if you think I may outlive that Wound,
Since my dire Father's undefended Crimes
So justly have provok'd your due Revenge,
Let your keen Sword now wreak it on the Son,
Behold my Breast unguarded to your Rage,
To meet the Cure of my resistless Ruine.

Bla. Yet trust me not too far: For tho' thou sav'dst
My hated Life, — Thou'rt still *Pacuvius* Son.

Per. I neither can deny, or dare defend my Birth:
But e're your Justice lifts her fatal Hand
To cut this Gordian of Dissolveless Love,
To the Chaste Memory of it's purer Flame,
Be in your conscious Heart this Truth recorded,
That had the tender *Izadora's* Soul
Not priz'd your Mind's dear Peace beyond her own,
This cruel Rage, that now destroys our Hopes,
Had in dispenceless Oaths been bound to crown 'em.

Bla. O my Soul's Joy! My pious *Izadora*! [*Embracing*

Iza. My Father still, and still belov'd as ever.

Bla. Which way shall my Indulgence thank thy Love's
So dear Concern for my endanger'd Honour?

Iza. O! Ask not that dire Question of my Fears,
Unless your conquer'd Passion cou'd, like mine
Subdu'd, resolve to answer its Engagements.

Bla. O Bleeding Conflict of resisted Nature;
O Godlike Youth! [*Throwing himself at Perolla's Feet.*
I bend me Blushing to the Earth, I sink,

I burn,

I burn with Red Confusion at my Shame;
 For I confess thou not deserv'st my Hate;
 But there's a Bar in my fierce Nature's Pride,
 An inborn Horror of *Pacuvius* Blood,
 That will not be subdu'd in thy behalf:
 Therefore by all my Wrongs to thy apparent Merit,
 I now conjure thee rouse thy Generous Soul,
 And turn thy fruitless Love of me and mine
 Into the nobler Fire of blameless Scorn.

Per. Now, by my hopes in *Izadora's* Truth,
 My Friendly Heart bleeds inward at your pain,
 And melts in pity of your erring Passion. [*Raising him.*]

Bla. O lend a Thought to my worn Age's Woe!
 Weigh but the vast Extreame of my Distress,
 And be thy self the Judge of my Misdoing:
 Speak I conjure thee from thy conscious Heart,
 Is't fit, that he, whose Father sought my Life,
 The Son of him that has betray'd the Cause
 Of *Rome*, and since has wrought my Brother's Death!
 Shou'd from my Hand receive my Daughter's Heart,
 And make by my enduring, such vile Crimes my own?

Iza. Is't fit your wild Revenge shou'd Blind pursue
 The Guiltless, and the Friend of *Rome*?

Bla. Shall *Blacius* be allied to an Assassin's Son?

Iza. That Son, whose Sword oppos'd his Father's Crime!

Bla. Mix with that Blood my Native Honour hates?

Iza. The Generous Blood that stream'd in your defence!

Per. Yet bows submissive to your full Revenge!

Bla. O cruel Honour! that my Arm's refus'd
 The honest means to take it.
 How now! what means thy Breathless Haste?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Pardon for this bold Intrusion!
 Passing just now by Lord *Pacuvius* Gate,
 I saw the Guards of *Hannibal* come forth,
 When strait an Officer o'ertook their speed,
 And told 'em, They must make a Moment's Halt,
 For that th' intended Search of *Blacius* House
 Was now referr'd to Lord *Pacuvius* Care.

Bla.

Bla. What can this mean? Art sure thou'rt not deceiv'd?

Ser. I'm sure, my Lord; and as they march'd along
I heard one smiling to his Comrade say,
Pacuvius were a Friend indeed, if to
The Cause of *Carthage* he cou'd force his Son.
More I had heard, but that I thought my haste
Might better serve you by this timely notice.

Bla. I thank thy Care: Bat fast the Gates, to gain
If possible a Moment 'fore their Entrance.
But on your Lives resist 'em not—away. [*Ex. Serv.*
And now, *Perolla*, thou shalt see —

Per. That your Revenge has found at last
The fated Ruine of my Fortune, and
My Love — This search I know is made for me.

Iza. O lost *Perolla*! O for pity yet
My dearest Father —

Bla. Yes! yes! my Daughter now again I'm free,
My painful Honour is at last reliev'd,
He sav'd my Life, and I in double Thanks
Return him his: For he defending mine,
Found his Reward; but I now saving his,
Foreknow that I may meet my Punishment.
Fierce *Hannibal* be sure will full Resent
The dar'd Concealment of his greatest Foe;
But yet to let thee see my Honour scorns,
Tho' on the Man I hate a base Revenge,
This way lies thy Safety; what Horses or
What Servants for thy Flight are requisite,
Freely command, and thank me in thy speed.

Iza. Must he then go despairing of your Friendship?

Bla. Ungrateful Girl! Does not thy Lover's Life
Reward thee well for my prevented Oath?
Nay, if thou'rt fond to meet thy Ruine, stay, [*To Perolla.*
A Life for Life is all thou canst implore,
But never think of *Izadora* more.

Per. Recall that Thought, or Life's not worth receiving,
If Death's my Doom, here wou'd I choose to meet it. [*Kneel-*

Iza. O yet *Perolla* save thy latest Hopes, *ing to Iza.*
By all th' Endearments of our Friendship past,

F I do

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I do conjure thee fly, and ease my Fears,
My Obligations yet are unreturn'd,
And I must have thee live for Rome,
And Izadora's Peace, Use not a Wish
In a Reply: But haste, while yet the Gods can save thee.

Per. Who wou'd not trembling fear his Death,
When Beauteous Izadora wou'd preserve him?
Supported in that Thought, I fly my Fate,
To save my hopes of conquering Blacius Hate. [Exit Per.]

Bla. You Izadora now retire, I wou'd
Alone receive Pacuvius.

Iza. The Gods
Defend my Father, and the Friends of Rome. [Exit Iza.]

Bla. At length my anxious Honour is reliev'd,
The Combat now with Justice is determin'd,
And o'er Pacuvius Blood I'm still Victorious—
He comes in Smiles to meet his Disappointments.

Enter Pacuvius.

Pac. So Blacius!
Thou seest at last I've deign'd to visit thee.

Bla. My Pride too is in part abated: For
I own thou never cou'dst to me arrive
More welcome.

Pac. ——— If thy Life's so burthensome,
Perhaps from ancient Friendship I may yet
Think fit to make thee bear it longer.

Bla. When Hannibal shall know (as I be sure
Will soon inform him) that thy Fears
In private Spite have dar'd t'assassin those,
Whom he's firm bound in Honour to protect,
Thy feeble Power of Life or Death from him
Deriv'd, thy weakest Foes secure may laugh at.

Pac. Be not so joy'd to think thou'st scap'd my Hand.

Bla. There must be Joy, where there's such sweet Revenge;
For know yet more to gall thy fester'd Soul,
Thy own lov'd Son Perolla was the Man,
Whose friendly Sword preserv'd thy mortal Foe,
And laid thy bleeding Malice at my Feet. (Exit Per.)

Pac. This News is stale—and the sharp Pang it gave me's
He

He knew thee not, and therefore I forgive him:
But thou, I hear, as ignorant of him,
To thy own Mansion broughtst him Bleeding home;
And wert in that, tis more than probable,
Thy self the Pandar to thy Daughter's Flame.

Bla. 'Tis false.

For when I knew his hateful Name, he found
That Scorn reviv'd which to his Blood was due;
But when I heard his Services to me
Had stirr'd thy Fury to pursue his Life,
I wav'd a while my prudent Hate to him,
And let him scape to disappoint *Pacuvius*.

Pac. Poor shallow-sighted Man! *Pacuvius* thanks thy Care,
For I wou'd have him live when thou art dead,
(Which soon will be) to keep thy restless Ghost
In wakeful Terrors of thy Daughter's Honour:
Mean while (for thy slow Brain, I see, divines
Not yet the Cause that brought me hither) Guards
Appear. 'Twas not *Perolla*, but thy self [*Enter Guards.*
I came to seize, and as a Traytor to the Trust
Of *Hannibal* demand thee forth to Justice.

Bla. Traytor's a Name that better fits
Pacuvius Morals: *Blacius* scorns thy Slander.

Pac. I know thou art proud; but we shall prove thee Tray-
This Letter from *Rome*'s Conful thou'd have come (for!
To thee; 'tis better as it is: And now
Whene'er his dreadful Army shall think fit
T' approach *Salapias* Walls, I say again
The Traytor *Blacius* Head upon the *Brutian* Gate
Shall be the Signal of *Pacuvius* Arm'd to face em.

Bla. O fatal Chance! *Rome* then and *Blacius* are no more!
Tell my Daughter what has happen'd. [*To his Servant.*

Pac. Now! Wretched *Blacius*! Art thou yet convinc'd
Pacuvius has redeem'd his lost Revenge,
And wrought at last thy more assur'd Destruction?

Bla. What Office dost thou hold of *Hannibal*?
For this to me seems so contemptible,
It speaks the Spirit of *Pacuvius* lost.

Pac. This Insolence I yet shall humble.

Bla. Thou! thou tirest me — perform thy Office.

Pac. Since thou'rt in haste for Death — Conduct him Guards.
Thus hopeless by the Hand of Justice seiz'd,
The hardest Traytors will affect a Smile.

Bla. And Village Curs thus bay the Lion in the Toil.

The End of the Third ACT. [Exeunt.

ACT the FOURTH.

The SCENE Continues. Enter Portius meeting Izadora.

Port. **T**HOU hapless Daughter of my dearest Friend,
Hard-fated Offspring of my Sister's Love,
Forgive this rude Intrusion on thy Griefs,
That begs to join thee in a Kindred Woe:
In thee, methinks, dead *Martias* Looks revive,
Such were thy Mother's Youthful Charms, that Bloom,
The same distressful Lustre in her Eyes,
In such Heart-wounding Grace of Woe she mov'd,
When the victorious happier *Blacius* then
From dear-bought Conquest home return'd, in Tears
Ran through the Battel past, and clos'd it with
The mournful Story of her Father's Death.

Iza. O fatal Omen! Is then *Blacius* dead?

Port. Not dead, but dying — doom'd to dye!

Iza. Heart-breaking Thought!

Port. Fierce *Hannibal*, to make his Rage appear
More the effect of Justice, than Revenge
Against his Life in all the cruel Forms
Of seeming Law proceeding has condemn'd him,
Tho' the sole proof of his pretended Charge
Was a late Letter from the Consul sent
To *Blacius*, by *Pacuvius* intercepted:
But where's the need of proof, when his vile Judges knew
That Innocent or Guilty found of this,
They for his Cordial Constancy to *Rome*
Had pre-resolv'd his Death.

Ev'n

Ev'n now I heard his Bloody Sentence given,
Which e're the Morrow's Noon decrees him Dead,
And (which the Fell *Pacuvius* mov'd) his Head
Upon the *Brutian* Gate erected on a Spear to stand
In vengeful Terror to the Friends of *Rome*.

Iza. O Ruful Sound! O Deluge of
Redundant Woe! O *Blacius*! *Blacius*!

Where's now the pitying Hand that can Redeem thee?

Port. Can we not start a Thought to his relief?

Iza. Alas I fear 'tis now too late: But yet
(For I too well foresaw what since has fall'n)
Last Night, when first my moderated Tears
Wou'd give my ebbing Reason leave to flow,
By a near Friend, a Letter I dispatch'd
To brave *Perolla* in the *Roman* Camp,
In hope t'avert my wretched Father's Fate,
Tho' what it begs I fear's too late propos'd.

Port. But is there yet no Answer to these Hopes?

Iza. None yet's arriv'd, which makes me now despair.

Port. Have you inform'd my Brother of this Letter?

Iza. Alas! I durst not yet, lest it
Shou'd more incense his disappointed Rage
Against my vain Assurance in *Perolla*.

Enter a Page to Izadora.

Pag. Madam, the Messenger, whom you last Night
Dispatch'd, is just return'd, and brings you This. [*Gives a*
Letter.

Iza. My trembling Fears! *Perolla*'s Hand.

Port. Good News! Dear Fortune!

Iza. Quick let me Read, it can't be worse to know
Now *Portius*! For our Hope's Relief or Ruine!
(*Reads*) 'For *Blacius* as the Cordial Friend of *Rome*,

'I've gain'd, o'th' Consul your propos'd Relief.

O joyful Tidings!

'But as I knew him *Izadora*'s Father,

'I thought my Friendship was but half perform'd,

'Till I had farther begg'd to be my self

'The sole Commission'd Envoy in his Cause.

Generous *Perolla*!

Port. A Friend indeed?

Iza.

Iza. ' This first Advice not long will reach you, e're
 ' You'll hear *Perolla* is arriv'd to ask
 ' Of *Hannibal* his Audience, and Dispatch.

Yes, cruel Father, now my Heart grows bold,
 Now I with Courage can reproach that Rage
 That cou'd so ill repay thy wrong'd Preserver's Love.

Port. What in this Juncture can my Care perform
 To help my Brother's Fortune?

Iza. To Lord *Pacuvius* House, where *Hannibal*
 Resides, instant repair to meet *Perolla*:
 Your Entrance on th' Occasion will be free
 To hear his Audience, and their whole Debate,
 While I to my afflicted Father fly
 To raise his sinking Spirits from despair.

Port. I'm gone, and hope t'oretake you soon
 With his confirm'd Relief. ——— [Exit *Portius*.

Iza. O Godlike Youth! O truly great *Perolla*!
 Who tho' my cruel Father's Hate to thee
 Had render'd thy Neglect of him too just,
 Yet in this second Service to forget that Wrong,
 Has so Excus'd, my endless Gratitude to thee,
 That what his Passion late miscall'd my Disobedience,
 His Reason must at last confess my Virtue. ——— [Exit.

*The SCENE Opening, Discovers Hannibal on a Chair of State
 giving Audience to Perolla; Pacuvius, Portius, and Others
 attending.*

Han. Renown'd *Perolla*! 'Tis with Grief we see
 Such early Virtue erring in its Sword:
 Methinks th' Example of thy Father's Care,
 Whose early Application to our Friendship
 Has wisely sav'd his Fortunes from our Spoil,
 Might better have instructed thee to act,
 Than blindly thus to hold thee in a Cause,
 Whom neither Gods befriend, nor Arms can save.

Per. My Lord, great *Hannibal*,
 Admit what but your Hopes suppose were true,
 Can Honour find my Virtue an excuse
 To leave my Country for its sinking Cause?

Which

Which most distress'd then most commands my Sword;

Han. When Pleading Nature, or when Filial Love,
Bespeak you to regard a Parent's Peace,
Th' Excuse were not so difficult to find.

Per. I wou'd be just to both, and hope I am;
I love my Country, I revere my Father;
And while I bleed for *Rome*, — I weep for him.

Han. Yet draw your Sword, resolv'd against his Cause.

Per. I cannot leave my Country, if I wou'd,
'Tis to forsake my self, or to suppose me born
But for my self, and not in general Good
Of my defended Fellow-Creatures Lives:
Creatures Irrational, the Birds, the Beasts,
For common safety flock and herd together;
Wou'd it not start ev'n Nature to behold
The homebred Dove forsake her fruitful Nest,
And fetch the Vulture to destroy her Young?
The Horned Ram t'oreleap the Ev'ning Fold,
And call the Wolf to prey upon his Kind?
Such seems to me the startling Horror of
Forsaking *Rome*: I know not if I err:
My Father sent me early to the War,
Perhaps but half instructed in the World:
For if for Interest, for Fear, or Love,
A Man, unsham'd, may leave his Country's Cause,
'Tis, I confess, a depth in Politicks,
His eager Fondness never taught my Youth.

Han. Now then be better to thy Good inform'd,
Our Friendship to thy Father's Merit has
Inclin'd our Mercy to preserve his Son:
Thy Terms, *Perolla*, shall be Honourable,
Rewards far Nobler than thy Sword can gain,
If thou'lt in time embrace our Cause, and not
By vain Resistance make thy Ruine sure.

Per. That's yet to know, or say 'twere known, so much
I prize the Warlike *Hannibal's* Esteem,
I'll not derive it from another but my self;
Not my great Birth, but Virtue shall deserve it:
For *Rome* successful, as she seems, shall find

Sh'as then a faster Friend of firm *Perolla*.
 In all our Camp there's not a *Roman* Heart,
 But thinks his single Sword a better Guard
 Than the best proffer'd Mercy of our Foes:
 But that my Vanity no longer may
 Seem pleas'd to see you court my Sword in vain,
 To all your Greatness has or can propose,
 This is the final Answer I shall make:
 That Death's not half so terrible to me,
 As Life in Friendship with the Foes of *Rome*.

Han. Since to our proffer'd Mercy thou'rt so deaf,
 I've said; and leave thee to thy Fate deserv'd.

Pac. (*Aside*) O! that Revenge without a Pang wou'd let
 Me love the stubborn Virtue of this Boy!

Han. Nor Hope, when soon thy Ruine falls, that then
 Thy Birth or thy Submission shall arrest [*Turning short*
 The vengeful Fury of our Sword defy'd. to *Perolla*.
 Proceed we now to the Affairs in hand,
 Discharge thee strait, we are prepar'd to hear
 What in the Consul's Name thou wou'd'st demand. [*Takes his*

Per. Thus then *Chair*,
 From *Fabius*, Consul of the *Roman* Arms,
 To *Hannibal* his Martial Foe renown'd,
 Have I in fair Commission to propose:
 The Consul late inform'd, that *Blacius* Life
 On some pretence stands forfeit to those Laws,
 Which thy new started Arbitrary Force,
 Upon the Enslav'd *Salapians* has impos'd,
 Yet waves the Wrong, or Justice of his Cause,
 Presuming that thy Will condemns his Life,
 And from his grateful Sense of *Blacius* Virtues,
 Knowing his Faith to *Rome* has stirr'd thy Rage,
 To bribe thy Fury from the Brave in Chains,
 He yields thee offer'd for his Life preserv'd,
 Thrice fifty *Libian* Captives free restor'd,
 Which by the Morrow's dawn shall joyn thy Force,
 From their disgraceful, swordless Bonds redeem'd,
 New Arm'd for Battel to retrieve their Honour:
 This, if approv'd, shall now be ratify'd;

If

If not, I'm farther bid to tell thee then,
Such Mercy, as thou shew'st to *Blacius* Life,
Will he thy Brother *Asdrubal* with all
That now are Captive to his Arms afford;
Who when this wrong'd *Patrician* bleeds, shall fall
With him reveng'd, a mutual Sacrifice.

Han. Tell the warm Consul, *Hannibal* presumes,
That when his Rashness sent so bold a Message,
He thought not sure of *Canne's* fatal Field,
Forgot the measur'd Rings from the dead Hands
Of *Roman* Knights despoil'd sent thence to *Carthage*,
Or had he ponder'd our Victorious Arms
Near Fam'd *Trebias* Flood, or *Thrasimene*,
At late *Ticinum*, or *Salapia*, now
He'd known that *Hannibal* might smile when threatned.
We'll give the *Romans* proof, that we our Laws
Due Course and Execution more regard
Than all the Threats of their presumptuous Arms:
Nor if we fear'd cou'd we those Lives deplore,
Who being Captives will deserve their Fate:
For *Blacius* Death, it stands irrevocable,
Nor shou'd the Fate of *Hannibal* prevent it.
My Lord, *Pacuvius*, give our Orders strait
T'erect a Scaffold in th'Allarum place,
On which, before the Morning Sun declines,
The Traytor *Blacius*, as condemn'd, shall bleed:
For thee, *Perolla*, four Hours are thy Time allow'd
For thy Departure to the *Roman* Camp;
And those expiring, thy Protection ends,
Found in *Salapia* then we treat thee as
The Foe of *Carthage*, and the Spy of *Rome*.
Thus tell the flatter'd Consul we resolve:
And so farewell — [Exit *Hannibal* and his Officers.]

Per. I've yet a Life which can't be better lost,
Than in the Cause of *Rome* and *Izadora*.
—It shall be so—and *Hannibal* may yet
Repent those Hours allow'd me for my stay. [Aside.]
My Friends, before we leave *Salapia*, I [To his Followers.]
Shall want your ablest Counsel, and your Courage. *lowers.*

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Pacuvius Returns.

Pac. I know not why—but cannot part, methinks,
Till, as I ought, I've shewn this wilful Boy
My glad Resentment of his Hope's Defeat.

Per. But soft—my Father!

Pac. Now violent *Perolla*, art thou yet
Convinc'd, the Gods assert *Pacuvius* Cause?

Blacius, my hateful Foe, thou seest at last
Not all thy disobedient Friendship cou'd

Preserve: His Life now bleeds within the Law,
And with the Morn expiring, gluts my full Revenge.

Per. The Gods, that gave me Sense of Right or Wrong,
Gave me my Virtue to abide my Choice;

And Virtue tells me, They alone shou'd fear,
Who know the wilful Errors of their Hearts;

But there's a Native Courage in the Life
Of Innocence, that never knows Despair.

Pac. Know then, at once to crush thy Hopes for ever,
This Moment I from *Hannibal* receiv'd

Repeated Orders for curs'd *Blacius* Death,
For which my self am going now to bar

Him close, and bid his ebbing Hours prepare.

Per. And can you think, while he's of *Roman* Blood,
But it must fill his Heart with Pride, and Joy

To hear you bring the News, that tells him of
His own full Glory, and his Foes Dishonour!

Pac. Honour from thee! Thou Son of *Blacius*! [*In Passion.*

Per. Of lost *Pacuvius*, and deserted *Rome*! [*Tenderly.*

Pac. Remember *Izadora*!

Per. *Carthage*!

Pac. *Izadora*!

Per. *Rome*! Dishonour!

Pac. Love!

Per. Forsaken *Rome*!

Pac. Revenge! Revenge! [*Exeunt severally.*

Blacius in Prison, and Izadora.

Bl. Why wilt thou still on this ungrateful Theme
Pursue my latest Hours with new Disquiet?

Iz. Is it such Pain to lose your Hate for one

That

That has to such Extrems deserv'd your Love?
O! Hard Severity!
Is what your own Instructions have advanc'd
In my Observance urg'd to my Reproach?
That I'm a little Grateful, where so far oblig'd?
Oft have you said, 'Twas Honour rul'd your Hate,
Still be that sacred Principle obey'd,
And Honour now as full demands your Love,
Such Obligations, and such Friendship prov'd,
'Tis now impossible your Hate can flight
Without that Stain, which most I know you loath,
The hateful Stain of scorn'd Ingratitude.

Bla. Fond Thoughtless Girl! Have I
Not giv'n him, for my Life preserv'd, his Life!
And for this second Service, which thou boast'st
What is it more than Honour binds him to?
Am I not Fetter'd in the Cause of Rome?
Which he (in Care of me) but justly serves,
His Country serv'd is Service to himself.
Had he Not come my Advocate for Life,
The Generous Consul still some other wou'd
Have sent more welcome to my grateful Thoughts:
Now, on my Soul, I rather think in him,
To ask the Office seems the close Result
Of Brooding Malice, and Insulting Pride,
He knew my Temper was not to be mov'd
By ought his Soul was capable to act,
And therefore thought this Glare of Friendship wou'd,
If slighted, sink me in the World's Esteem,
And so revenge him on my honest Scorn:
But he shall find, ev'n in these humble Chains,
My Mind's yet free, nor bends to tame Dishonour:
While I have Sense, I still with Pride shall shew
My Hate to curs'd *Pacuvius* Blood, which never shall
But with my last Breath'd Life expire.

Enter Pacuvius, with the Provost.

Pac. Why then, before the Morrow's friendly Noon,
Expiring *Blacius* is no more my Foe!

Iza. Some Guardian God protect my Father!

Pac. I come to take of thee my last Triumphant Leave:
 Thy Hope in vain, *Perolla's* Friendship's lost,
 This Moment *Hannibal* has warn'd him hence
 With fruitless Labour for thy Life's Reprieve,
 And to compleat thy Woes, *Pacuvius* comes
 With prosperous Power to warn thee to thy Fate.

Iza. Support me Heav'n!

Bla. ——— Why then, Farewel, *Pacuvius*!
 Nor could my Fate more please my parting Soul,
 Than to conceive how dear thy Hate to me
 Has cost thee in thy Fame: Thy Honour lost,
 Thy Native Country's Weal betray'd, have made
 Thy Vengeance mine, in thee abhor'd to Ages;
 My Triumph's Purchas'd with Inferiour Blame,
 I've held my Hate, and yet preserv'd my Fame. [*Ex. Bla. with*

Iza. O! Whither is my wretched Father born? *the Prov.*
 If to devouring Death, support me to
 His Aged Arms, to bathe his Bosom with
 My latest Tears, and with his Hopes expire.

Pac. You cannot pass——let me survey thee full——
 Art thou the flatter'd Beauty, that presumes
 With subtle Arts t'enslave the stubborn Son
 Of wrong'd *Pacuvius*, and debase his Blood?

Iza. Not so: Tho' I'm that wretched Maid forlorn,
 Whose long obedient Hate to you and yours,
 The forceful Virtues of *Perolla* have
 Dissolv'd: I could not with relentless Eyes
 Behold his Passion, and his Faith to *Rome*;
 Tho' less the Lover than the Hero mov'd me.
 O! had our jarring Parents feud not been
 To the last Sense of Nature deaf: Their Hate
 Like ours subdu'd had made lost *Rome* Victorious,
 Their Children happy, and their Fames immortal.
 But that remorseless Fury now has plung'd us all
 In one Inevitable Ruine: *Blacius* dies,
 The bleeding Heart of *Izadora's* broke:
Perolla, hopeless in the Cause of *Rome*,
 Resign'd to Sorrow, drags a wretched Being,
 And lost *Pacuvius*, if he's Human, must despair.

Pac.

Pac. Despair's a Passion, that such Love-sick Minds
As thine in Disappointments only feel;
Weak Souls, that from their Fears are Slaves to Virtue;
Pacuvius Heart is warm'd by Nobler Fire,
And owns no Passion but untam'd Revenge;
Revenge insatiate to curs'd *Blacius* Blood;
A Rage, that now demands thy Vows revok'd
From lost *Perolla's* vile deluded Love,
Give me this Instant back his Recreant Heart,
Or to thy own receive our Shame reveng'd. [*Offering a Dag-*

Iza. Strike home, and stamp me with Immortal Fame,
To die in proof of Vows preserv'd to him,
Of Faith unshaken to *Perolla's* Love,
Adds unexpected Glory to my Death:
Yet when this mortal Blow is given, your Arm
Must strike again to reach me in *Perolla's* Heart,
Ev'n after Death, I there shall haunt you still,
And in his pining Grievs insult your Peace.

Pac. I thank thee, Sorceress, for that hateful Thought,
Which fires me now to an improv'd Revenge.
I see thy Soul from young *Perolla* has
Been taught unmov'd to meet the Frowns of Death:
I'll therefore try if Smiles can stir thy Fears;
My smooth Revenge now wears a softer Look,
And more t'exert my Hate has put on Love:
Receiv'd or slighted, by consent or force,
Enjoy'd alike, my End is serv'd: I know
That either spoils thee for *Perolla's* Taste;
So take thy choice, on one I am determin'd.

Iza. You cannot mean so horrible a Thought!

Pac. And why so Horrible? Thou hast confess'd
The Son belov'd, why not as well the Father?
Perolla's but the Stream that flows from me,
And I the Fountain's Head of thy Desire.

Iza. If you've a Human Soul —

Pac. None of thy Sex's little Arts to me,
I fathom all your shallow Wiles, and know
You'll use Resistance to be more desir'd.
But such Attempts on me are vain: Thy Beauty

Adds

Adds not one Spark to my inflam'd Desire,
 I'll taste thy Sweets, and yet despise 'em too :
 For hadst thou all thy Sex's Charms, yet know
 My Rapture's not from Love, but sweet Revenge wou'd flow.
Provost, (Within) What ho! my Lord! *Pacuvius!* help!

Enter Provost Bleeding.

Pac. Audacious Slave! Is this a time t' intrude?
 Begone, or —

Prov. ——— O! my Lord! we're lost! undone!
 Some *Africans* Disguis'd have seiz'd the Prison;
 Forc'd ope the Dungeon, where doom'd *Blacius* lay,
 His Fetters loos'd, and arm'd him to escape;
 My self disputing to resign the Keys,
 Receiv'd this ghastly Wound, and fled to warn you.

Pac. Confusion! O my lost Revenge!

Iza. O double Joy! O my transported Hopes!

Pac. Say Slave, are none allarm'd t' oppose 'em?

Prov. None but our menial Servants were at hand:
 For they, before they enter'd, had secur'd
 The Centinels; the rest surpriz'd,
 They, desperate, drive before 'em.

Pac. ——— Ha! They're here?

*Enter Perolla, and others in African Habits mask'd, driving
 several before them. Pacuvius draws, and presents his Point
 to Blacius.*

Hold Traytor! yet there is a Sword to reach thee.

Bla. Fortune, I thank thee now! Thou giv'st at least
 A Chance for my Revenge. [*While they fight, Iza. kneels.*]

Iza. Immortal Jove! to thee I bend for Aid,
 Be now the Stayer once again, again
 The dire Avenger of the Roman Cause——
 My Prayers are heard, and *Blacius* has prevail'd.

[*Blacius closes with Pacuvius, and gets him down.*]

Bla. Now Traytor! Have the Gods o'erta'en thee?

Blacius offers to stab him, and Perolla returning, interposes.

Per. Hold! hold! Disarm but Hurt him not: Your Life
 Preserv'd is all we sought, and that's secure.

Bla. You, Sir, have Title to command me.

Per.

Per. My Friends, this Lady too must be our Care,
'Tis now no time to talk: Bar fast the Doors
On those that are within, that none may scape
T'allarm the Guards——Come, Sir, here lies our Way.

Bla. Such Actions are above the reach of Thanks.

Iza. The Bounteous Gods reward 'em. [*Exeunt all but Pac.*]

Pac. The horrid Furies from Remorseless Hell
Revenge it on the curs'd Conspirer's Head!
Why do I bear this Burthen of a Life,
That weighs me down with Disappointments?
No Means! No Thought! that can redeem my Hopes!
Dull Brain! not to pursue 'em all this while;
They cannot far be fled, I yet may forth [*Goes to the Door.*
T'allarm the Streets, and overtake their Flight! [*Finds it*
Confusion! Bolted! Barr'd again to my Despair! [*barr'd.*
My Foe set free, and I his Prisoner! Help ho!
Without there! Treason! Murther! No one hear!
If I mistake not, yon dark Avenue leads
Me to an open Court——Call there aloud!
This is no time for Thought but Execution. [*Ex. Pac.*]

*The SCENE Changes to Portius his House. Enter Portius,
Perolla still Disguis'd, Blacius and Izadora.*

Port. My Brother from his Chains redeem'd: By what
Strange Turn of Fate is our Despair reliev'd?

Bla. O Portius! Here! see here's the Arm that sav'd me.

Port. Such Obligations, and conceal'd, create my Wonder.

Per. Here, Sir, my Service ends——you now are free:
But for the farther Means of your Escape,
I must commend it to Lord Portius Care,
You'll pardon, Sir, my haste to leave you here,
Since my own Safety and my Friend's require
Our speedy Flight, and change of our Disguises.

Bla. Hold, Sir! the Pleasure of my Freedom's lost,
Not knowing whom to thank for my Deliverance.

Per. Not to disturb that Pleasure, I must still
Conceal my Name: But if you will suppose
Your Freedom worth a grateful Thought: Then there
'Tis due! To Izadora's Filial Love,

and I

Whose

48 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Whose Piety alone engag'd me to attempt it.
And my Reward is paid in Thanks from her.
Your Pardon, and your Leave—— [Ex. Perolla.]

Bla. So Blunt a Virtue never have I seen!
He own'd himself to thee reveal'd my Daughter,
On thy Obedience I conjure thee speak;
Be just to his Desert, and let me know him;
Be just to me, and point me to be Grateful.

Iza. You heard my Father, he but ask'd my Thanks;
Leave then to me your Care of Gratitude:
Remember once *Perolla* sav'd your Life;
But when discover'd, what was his Reward?

Bla. His Action ought not to be nam'd, compar'd
Perolla, but by chance preserv'd a Stranger;
But this design'd to save the Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. And whom cou'd *Izadora* most engage
To save it? —— [Weeping.]

Bla. —— Ha! my Daughter! O! I find thy Fears!
Well might'st thou warn me from my curious Search,
A Thousand Recollected Thoughts convince
Me now, it must, it can be only he;
Pacuvius Life defended, speaks him Plain,
Nay, spite of my Aversion, speaks him Great;
If it be so, if thou confirm'st it Him,
If 'tis *Perolla*, then indeed the Soul
Of vain Resisting *Blacius* is subdu'd,
By his Victorious Virtues bound a Slave,
And now must kneel to him in shame for Pardon. [Iza. kneels
Alas! thou need'st not speak! thy flowing Eyes weeping.
Too tenderly confess thy modest Joy!
My *Izadora*! O! I cannot bear my Thoughts!
I see thy Passion now so greatly Just,
So justly Grateful to *Perolla*'s Love,
I burn with Blushes, that I've stood so long
Unmov'd against his Cordial Obligations;
Nay, I will flatter yet my pride of thee,
And fancy thy Inspiring Virtues taught
Him first to reach this Greatness of the Soul.

Iza. O! my kind Father! till he'd conquer'd you,
I knew

I knew not that *Perolla* had so far
Engag'd my Heart: I only thought before
'Twas Gratitude: But now (if 'tis a Fault,
O yet forgive it! for) I own 'tis Love.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Fly! fly, my Lords, if possible, and save your Lives!
The Guards of *Hannibal* surround the House,
And he himself's this Moment upon Entrance.

Port. O horror to our Hopes!

Iza. Distressful Woe!

Port. No thought to save us?

Bla. None—For see our Fate approaches.

Enter Hannibal, Pacuvius, and Guards. Provost.

Han. So, Sir, you yet are in the reach of Justice.

Bla. Changes of Fortune are to me so frequent,
Now nothing gives me Fear or Wonder.
I know my Fate, and I expect it.

Han. And thou shalt meet it with the Rising Morn:
Let *Portius* too be seiz'd, whose dar'd attempt
To hide a Traytor, by the Law condemn'd,
Shall make him now the Partner of his Fate.

Bla. My Brother's Blood! that strikes indeed!

Han. The Maid is innocent, and therefore free,
For these conduct 'em to their Doom deserv'd. (*Guards.*)

Iza. O miserable Fortune! — [*Ex. Bla. Port. Iza. and*

Han. My Lord, *Pacuvius*, these vile Traytors Lives
Are scanty Vengeance for insulted Justice:
Our chiefest Foe i'th' open Face of our
Authority redeem'd, our Arms disgrac'd,
A Traytor on the Eve of Execution
In our Head Quarters freed by force from Justice,
More stirs my Rage, than all vile *Blacius* Crimes,
And we're obliged with double Vengeance to Resent it.

Pac. What if your Orders on the Instant shou'd
Proclaim to those, that shall discover strain
Th'Audacious Hands, that set this Traytor free,
Rewards unlimited, some tempting Bribes,
That Honour, Love, nor Friendship can resist.

50 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Han. Thou'lt warm'd my Thoughts: Be it immediate done,
And the Reward, whatever shall be ask'd
Of *Hannibal*, within his power to grant.
For Traytors in the strongest state conceal'd,
Like unforeseen Distempers in the Blood,
May bring the healthiest Body to the Grave;
Therefore we never can too dearly buy
The Knowledge of a secret Enemy. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

Blacius, and Portius in Prison: Portius Sleeping.

Bla. **T**HE Morning rises with its usual Ray,
Nor shews the Gloomy Face of least Disorder:
No Prodigious, no Fate - foretelling Stars;
Nor Storms, nor Thunders wait on *Blacius* Death:
In every thing the Course of Nature still
Keeps duly on, concernless in its Road,
And will do still the same, when I'm no more:
Why shou'd I think it then a Pain to leave
These common Objects, that regard not me?
Behold! how Peacefully a constant Mind [Observing Port.
Receives the solemn Summons of its Fate?
And in the Body's Rest discards the Thought?
To dye's no more: Our Sleep's a short-liv'd Death,
Either is but the loss of Time unknown;
And he that sleeps, till from the Grave awak'd,
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity,
T' exceed a Moment! — Soft! he wakes!
But Oh! to sleep again in Death for me!
O *Portius*! if thy wandring Soul has dreamt
Of Liberty, how mournful is this Waking?

Port. Not so, my Brother, tho' I've dreamt, 'tis true,
Nay dreamt, that our amazing Fortune had

Preserv'd

Preserv'd us both, and tho' my Reason waking
Presents me not a distant Hope to save us,
The lively Image still so fills my Mind,
I can't yet leave it for a Thought of Sorrow.

Bla. O ! that I thus cou'd form a Hope for thee !
But when I think that my Misfortunes have
Involv'd thy Fate, that my dear Brother's Blood
Must stream for his unhappy Faith to me ;
'Tis more than all my Manhood can support !
O *Portius* ! pity, and forgive my Fate.

Port. Art thou to Blame for what thy Fate has done ?
O *Blacius* ! I cou'd call thee now Unkind,
To think my Death's not more a Pleasure than a Pain,
Has not our Friendship yet from forward Youth
To lagging Age ran through divided Pleasures ?
And shall thy Heart not share me in Distress ?
Shall I now coldly mourn, because I bleed,
In proof but of a friendly Faith to thee ?
Now, on my Soul, I know thy honest Heart
With pleasure wou'd abide its Fate for *Portius* ;
Can then a Friendship, so sincerely bound,
Suppose a happier End, than dying thus together ? [*Embra-*

Enter the Provost, and Guards. *cing.*

Pro. My Lord, your Pardon for Unwelcome News :
By Orders now from *Hannibal* receiv'd
I am directed to remove you hence
To your immediate Execution : But,
Lord *Portius*, you have found his Mercy.

Bla. What said'st thou, ha !

Pro. ——— Great *Hannibal* inform'd,
On cooler Thoughts, that your unhappy Crime
Was more an ancient Friend's Concern for *Blacius*,
Than wilful Scorn of his insulted Power,
Extends his Mercy to your Life's Reprieve.

Bla. Then welcome Death ! and since my Brother's free,
I die without a murmuring Thought to Fate.

Port. O *Blacius* ! can I taste such ill divided Mercy ?

Pro. Your mournful Daughter with successful Tears
Implor'd his Mercy for a Father's Life,

But all her piteous Piety cou'd gain
Was his hard Leave before your Death to take
A parting Blessing, and her last Farewel.

Port. See where she comes, adorn'd in Sorrow.

Enter Izadora.

Death ne'r look'd Terrible till now.

Bla. These Tears, my *Izadora*, wound me more
Than all the Weapons of approaching Death :
But that I see it strikes so hard upon
Thy tender Heart, to me the Thought were nothing ;
Why shou'dst thou thus disturb thee at a stroke,
Which he that's now most happy's sure to feel ?
When first we're launch'd on this uncertain World,
Our earliest Knowledge tells us we must drown,
Nature assures us nothing in the Voyage,
But that she, soon or late, will call us strict
To our Account of this intrusted Venture :
The Time is come to make her due demand
On me and 'tis but fit that it were paid.

Iza. But then to enter on your Life distrain'd
To seize it in a Bloody Execution ;
This is not Nature's Law, but Fortune's Tyranny ;
The Debt of Nature might be easier paid !
But now to die ! your Health, your Senses sound !
Your Strength yet fresh, and capable to run
(No Violence us'd) with Vigour to the Goal ;
Howe'er your tender Love's Concern for me
With Manly Courage may disguise the Terror,
I know 'tis more than Nature can support !
This weaker Frame in spight of you must start,
And shudder at so sharp a Dissolution.

Bla. In vain I see weak Reason has prescrib'd
Us Virtue, as the Armour of our Hearts :
For Oh ! to part with thee, my *Izadora* !
To lose the Cordial Comforts of thy Youth,
Th'endearing Softness of that Filial Love,
Whose cheerful Smiles so oft have sooth'd my Age,
In spite of Resolution wounds me through ;
To leave thee thus ! to this vile World expos'd,

An helpless Orphan, destitute of Friends,
Amidst the Hazards of outrageous Fortune!
O! where's that temper'd Heart of hardest Virtue,
That can unshock'd withstand the bruising Blow?

Iza. Nay, now you double my Distress—But yet
One parting Comfort's left to your support,
And let th' Assurance sooth your dying Thoughts,
That tho' you leave me to the World forlorn,
The same unshaken Virtue, that has still
Preserv'd me taintless in my Actions past,
Shall, when the dear Protector of my Youth
Is dead, support me to the last like *Blacius* Daughter.

Bla. O! let me press thee to my Heart reviv'd,
And thank thy Virtue for this ease in Death!
Portius!—my Brother—and my Friend—Farewel—
I see thy Heart is full—and will
Not overcharge it with thy Grievs increas'd!
—Only this Boon—my *Izadora's* Youth—
Let me bequeath to thy protecting Care—
—My *Izadora*!—O! the killing Thought!
This last embrace—Thy dying Father's Blessing—
—One Farewel Kiss—O! must we part for ever!

Pro. My Lord, the Time elapses.

Bla. But one short Word, and I have done.
And now by all our faithful Friendship past,
(Observe me well, for 'tis my last Request)
Let me conjure thee, *Portius*, when the time
Of decent Sorrow for a Father's Death,
In mournful *Izadora's* ceasing Tears,
Shall be expir'd, to crown her Virgin Wishes,
Give her, where most her Beauties are deserv'd,
Where most her Heart inclines—to brave *Perolla*,
And as you with the Grave shou'd yield me Rest,
Reward her Virtues with her Love possess. [*Ex. severally.*]

The SCENE Opening, Discovers a Scaffold for the Execution
of *Blacius*, and at some distance a Seat rais'd for *Hannibal*,
Guards and People crowding; *Pacuvius* speaking to an Officer.

Pac. Now Captain, let the Soldiers close their Ranks,
And!

And on this side the Scaffold no one pass,
Till *Hannibal* himself shall take his stand:
For he in Person is resolv'd to see
The Execution of the Law perform'd,
And by his awful Presence to prevent
Th'audacious Thought of any second Tumult.
And see his Guards approach us!
(*Within*) Bear back, make way there!

Enter Hannibal attended.

Han. Good Morning to the Lord *Pacuvius*! What!
Are all things ready? is the Prisoner come?

Pac. Went just now your Orders to produce him.

Han. 'Tis well, and has our Edict been proclaim'd?

Pac. Already twice the publick Officer
This Morn proclaim'd it in the *Forum*,
And through the City several Copies are
Dispers'd, in hopes to make it more effectual.

Han. (*To the Crowd*) My Friends, what you have heard pro-
Prepar'd stand forth in Person to confirm: (claim'd, we here
Nay more! of these unlimited Conditions,
To bind us firmer yet to the Performance,
We solemn vow before th'Attesting Powers,
By the full Glory of our Conquering Arms,
And by our Father's dear departed Soul,
Without reserve most faithfully to keep 'em.

People. Huzzah!

Han. But see the Prisoner comes to give our Laws their

Pac. And me my last Revenge. (due.

Enter Blacius, Provost, and Guards.

Bla. What Ceremony's next?

Pro. No more, my Lord, but to ascend the Scaffold.

Bla. Conduct me.

Han. ——— Hold!

Yet stay thee, *Blacius*, e're the lifted Sword
Of final Justice falls upon thy Life,
If ought thou know'st, that may arrest its Arm
Now open to the publick Ear, declare it,
That Men may say, thou either ow'st thy Life
To our Impartial Honour, or thy Death

To

To what thy guilty Silence has confess'd.

Bla. Since what I undertook for injur'd Rome
Has fail'd my Hopes, Life now were scarce a Favour:
I am prepar'd to die, and therefore shall be short:
How far my Doom is just, is bootless to Inquire;
No, prosperous *Hannibal*, I'll not complain
Of Wrongs receiv'd, where thy dire Will's a Law;
Yet if thou'dst have the World suppose my Death
Not whole is owing to thy deaf Revenge,
I have a late Request to ask thy Power,
Which cannot taint thy Honour to comply with.

Han. To let thee see we deal Compassion with
Our Justice, free demand.

Bla. Thus then,
I have an only Child, whose Filial Love
Late brought her to *Salapia*, lost, to mourn
Her hapless Father's Chains, and sooth his Sorrows;
Now let me beg of thy indulgent Honour,
That since thy Mercy has been pleas'd
To leave her yet one only Friend in *Portius*,
That he, this Daughter, and some small Retinue,
When I am dead, may freely be allow'd
Your Convoy to the friendly Arms of *Rome*,
With the Remains of his impair'd Estate,
To end their Days in Inoffensive Quiet.

Han. Our Power wou'd wound it self to strike the Innocent;
The eldest Law of Greatness is Compassion:
Thy mournful Daughter free shall be releas'd,
And not alone thy Brother *Portius* Fortune,
But (tho' the Law condemns the whole) yet half
Thy own we grant to her Distress restor'd:
Of which perform'd, our Honour be the Pledge.

[*Bla. bows, and wipes his Eyes.*

Pac. How easily to Honest Fools
May Wise Men paint their Greatness? [*Aside.*

Han. Now, is there ought that thou wou'dst farther say?

Bla. No more, but that this Favour was
Thy only way to draw the Tears of *Blacius*.

Han. But that our Honour binds us to be just,

Thou

Thou too shou'dst taste our Mercy : But the Trust
 That Carthage has repos'd in Hannibal
 Must, in delphight of Nature, be discharg'd ;
 'Tis that alone, and not thy Foe, destroys thee ;
 By that compell'd we yield thee to the Law,
 Conduct him to his Fate. [Bla. mounts the Scaffold.

Pac. O well supported Virtue !
 Now will the Rabble think this real ! [Aside.

*A Noise is heard among the Crowd, and at some Distance,
 Portius and Izadora.*

People. Make way ! make way for the Lady there !

Guards. Keep back ! keep back ! there's no one passes there.

Iza. O yet for pity, Soldiers, let me pass !

Han. How now ! What means that rude Disorder ?

Pro. My Lord, a Lady by Lord Portius brought,
 Distress'd she seems, intreats with earnest Mood,
 Before the Execution's done, she may be heard ;
 And comes to Hannibal, she says, for Justice.

Han. Admit her :
 To Justice never has our Way been barr'd.

[Han. descends, Iza. runs to him, and kneels.

Iza. O Hannibal ! for ever Fam'd in Arms,
 But truly Great in thy regards of Honour ;
 By Honour, I conjure thee now, be just,
 And yet defer doom'd Blacius Execution,
 Whom by the hopes of my Eternal Peace
 I've something to reveal, that will compel
 Thy Honour to preserve or sink thy Fame for ever.

Han. Beware, thee Woman, of thy flatter'd Hopes.
 The guilty Blacius Crimes too full are prov'd
 T'expect our Mercy from the highest Bribe
 Thy Tears can give, or ought thou canst reveal ;
 Therefore to spare thy Tongue, that fruitless pain,
 Our Guards remove her——

Iza. —— Hold !
 Yet, cruel Warriour, hear me for thy Fame !
 I ask not Mercy, but thy Justice due ;
 But yet a Moment, and I'm dumb for ever !

If what I have to say is not of last
Importance to preserve thy Oaths, thy Honour,
If not by thy own Laws, proclaim'd my Right,
Let loose thy fiercest Rage upon my Life;
Give me the Tortures, lingring Pains, or worse,
The dead denial of my Hope's Relief.
Now, by that sacred Power that fills thy Soul, [*Breaking from*
By the resistless Force of conquering Honour, *the Guards*
I must! I will be heard, or hold you ever!
These Hands thus clinch'd no Force shall part, unless
With cruel Swords you cut my Hold away.

People. Hear her! hear her!

Han. Forbear a while the Execution!

Yet think not, Woman, that thy Tears prevail;
But Honour, thus alarm'd descends to hear thee:
Mean while from *Hannibal* thou'rt as secure
Of Justice, as doom'd *Blacius* of his Fate;
Than which what dreadful Oracles foretell,
Not more assur'd, thou may'st depend on:
Say then from whence, and what is thy demand?

Iza. Behold me then, the wretched *Blacius* Daughter,
Whose late Offences most unfortunate,
So far it seems have stirr'd your fatal Rage,
That nothing but his vital Blood can fate it.
For when your Prison late was forc'd, and he
To your Revenges Disappointment freed,
Your warm Resentment in its Heat proclaim'd,
That whosoever truly shou'd reveal
The first Contriver, Causer, or Accomplish,
Audaciously concern'd in his Redemption,
Shou'd strait receive whatever Gift,
Reward, or Boon, their utmost Wish cou'd ask,
Or you your self had lawful Power to grant.

Han. Ha!

Iza. And now, pursuant to this Law proclaim'd,
(Which here I offer as the Witness of
My Right) I come with an undoubting Joy
To name this vile Offender of your Law,
And from your Honour bound to claim my just Reward.

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Han. Thou hast allarm'd me now indeed.

Pac. Confusion!

Iza. Which, that you may with less Reluctance grant,
I will not only name, but instant yield
The dire Offender now into your power,
To slake the Thirst of your inflam'd Revenge.

Han. Nay then, without a Pang, our Doubts reliev'd
Dare yet assure thee of thy full Reward,
Which by those solemn Vows, the publick Ear
Can witness, we have taken to confirm
Again, we swear without reserve to pay.
Now then, be thou as quick in thy performance,
Produce th' Offender, and receive thy Wishes.

Iza. Behold then, here th' Offender stands!
Your Prison forc'd was *Izadora's* Crime:
And tho' my weaker Sex deny'd my Arm
To execute so resolute a Deed,
Yet my more daring Heart contriv'd the means
By Prayers, and Letters to a *Roman* Youth,
I wrought his Friendship to my Hopes distress'd,
And with his generous Sword redeem'd my Father.
Not but I pride me in the glorious Guilt,
And stand prepar'd to meet my Punishment,
Which, be it all your Fury can inflict,
The dear Reward of my Discovery
Will render light, as your Revenge on *Blacius*:
For know, the Boon demanded of thy Justice—

Han. Hold!

Beware, I charge thee, in thy rash demand;
And tho' thou'st caught my Honour in this Snare,
Think not when that's discharg'd, if thou insult'st
My Power, my tame Revenge shall sleep to thee:
For by the Fury of our Rage defy'd,
That moment thou but nam'st thy Father's Life,
That wretched Father shall himself, upon
That Scaffold rais'd for him, behold thee bleed.

Pac. Well urg'd again! then yet there may be hopes! [*Aside.*]

Han. Now make at thy own Peril thy demand,
I've warn'd thee well, yet stand prepar'd to grant.

Iza.

Iza. Then yet—whatever Death the All-just Gods
Design for me—Give me the Life of *Blacius*!

People. Huzzah! Justice! Justice! Huzzah!

Han. Yes! yes! y'unthinking Herd! you shall have Justice,
So too will *Hannibal*; your Holiday

Not yet is lost: You shall have Blood to stare on,

Tho' pleas'd to think your Favourite *Blacius* sav'd,

Yet you shall see, since we forewarn'd her Fate,

Before his Face this subtle Traytress bleed!

—Bind! bind her Hands—yet hold—for now perhaps

Convinc'd, that we have firm resolv'd thy Death,

The Terror may dissuade thy rash demand.

Iza. Weak *Hannibal*, who staggering thus thy self,

Presum'st to measure by thy own Resolves

The firmer Daring of a *Roman* Soul:

Revenge be thine; Give me the Life of *Blacius*.

Han. Provoking Virtue! in a Female Soul!

Where have I liv'd, that never yet conceiv'd the Charm?

The Charm indeed! 'tis Witchcraft! Spells! Inchantment!

I feel my Virtue struggling in the Snare,

And must destroy her to preserve my self!

Away! the Sorcerers! Hence! dispatch her! Haste,

And rid me of this Hurry in my Blood!

Quick, Slaves! while yet I have the Power to end her.

*As they lead Izadora to the Scaffold, Perolla breaks through
the Guards to Hannibal.*

Per. Hold! hold, injurious *Hannibal*! nor let the Blood

Of Innocence defame thy blind Revenge:

Behold the Nobler Object of thy Rage,

That makes it Justice, and instructs thy Fury,

To bribe thy Mercy to that tender Maid!

Behold *Perolla*, who provokes thy Vengeance!

Whose Arm when free has been as much thy Terror,

As now when bound in Chains 'twill be thy Safety;

Whose Guardian Sword in the contested Field

So oft has cut the hopes of thy Ambition,

Which the *Lucalians*, *Samnites*, *Cassilinum*,

Th' *Appulians*, and *Petilia* shall record to Ages:

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Who not alone content to gall thee, thus
Victorious in the Field; but to thy Arms
Disgrace, to thy Head Quarters-came disguis'd,
Ev'n in thy Army's Centre forc'd thy Prisons,
Destroy'd thy Guards, and in thy Powers Contempt
Restor'd the Freedom of thy Foe condemn'd.

Han. Audacious Virtue!

Per. Nay, and who now was come, Resolv'd (but that
His pious Daughter had foredone my purpose)
To stop like her the Fury of thy lost Revenge,
(Unless thou dar'st to break thy Honour's Bonds)
By my demanded Pardon for the Life of *Blacius*.

Pac. Horror!

Iza. O most untimely Virtue!

Per. But since the Blood of *Izadora* is
The Price decreed of thy extorting Mercy——

Iza. Hold!

Oh! Hold, unkind *Perolla*—— O! Glorious *Hannibal*!
Yet e're the Rashness of his Virtue moves
To supersede the Claim of *Izadora*,
Permit me but to offer him a started Thought;
And by the hopes of suffering Innocence,
So far is what I ask from means t'oppose,
That yet I swear to double your Revenge.

Han. Such daring Spirits have I never seen;
Thou hast our leave, propose thy Thought, and ease
Me quick of this unactive Wonder.

[*Iza.* seems to Argue with *Perolla*.]

Now! now, *Pacuvius*, help me in this strait
Of tempted Honour, and oppos'd Revenge,

Pac. Let my Example then inflame thy Soul!
The lost *Perolla*, I perceive, as much
Abhors your Person as your height of Glory;
In that one Thought, he is no more my Son,
No more am I his Father, but his Foe;
Let then his Blood, offensive to us both,
At once satiate your Revenge and my Displeasure,
There's Glory in so just a Sacrifice.

Han.

Han. Amazement still!

Is't possible a Soul so weak with Spleen
Can be the Sire of so much healthy Virtue?

Aside.

Per. My Death to save thee were a Pleasure: But,

Iza, Can dying with me give thy Thoughts a pain?

Per. O! that Enchanting Softness in thy Looks
Prevails,——and yet——'tis hard!

Iza. For me, Perolla,

To make our Virtue try'd Immortal, as our Love!

Per. I cannot bear the painful Onset of
Thy Eyes intreating! O! I yield! 'tis done!
And thus I trust thy Virtue with my Fame!

[Per. and Iza. kneel to Hannibal.]

Now truly Conquering Hannibal, behold,
Submissive at thy Feet thy Foe subdu'd,
Now asking Pardon of thy Pow'r defy'd:
For I confess, 'twas pleasure to provoke thee;
While I propos'd my Life resign'd might save
The Innocent: But since our harder Fate
Destroys us both by thy divided Mercy——

Iza. Since my vain Life, by great Perolla sav'd,
Must leave my Father still expos'd to Death,
And me in greater Torment from such Life accepted——

Per. Since in our strictest Search of Fate, we find
No hope of mutual or of parted Happiness,
We now implore our Crimes to thee confess;
May share the Glory and the Punishment.

Iza. Since both are wretched; tho' but one shou'd bleed:

Per. We beg in Mercy both——I cannot speak it.

Iza. —— Both may die together.

But for the joint Reward of our Discovery;
Which we're compell'd in Duty to demand.

Per. And thou'rt in honour as firm bound to pay.

Iza. With an united Claim——

Both. We beg the Life of Blucius.

Pac. Then perish both, and double your Revenge.

Han. O weak Pacuvius! that canst think Revenge
Consists in timely granting their Desires,
The smart of Body is the Vulgar's Terror,

Thatt

That have no farther Hope than sensual Life,
 No Pain like Obligations to the Brave,
 Great Souls by Greater only are subdu'd——
 Release the Prisoner, and conduct him hither.

People. Huzzah!

Pac. Vain *Hannibal*! are these a Statesman's Maxims?

Han. Shall it be said by Time's succeeding Tongues,
 That Fortune set me up a Foe, whom Fear
 Advis'd me to secure, or that pale Envy
 Took shamefully the safe Advantage of
 His chanc'd Misfortunes to destroy him? No,
 The World shall see, that *Hannibal* in spite
 Of his ador'd Ambition dares be Great:

First then to thee, *Pacuvius*, I restore
 That Son thy Friendship wou'd have sacrific'd,
 And to *Perolla*, as his Virtue's due,
 I give him to his Life his Liberty:
 To thee most wondrous Maid——

Pac. Yet hold! while I have cause to thank thee.

Han. What I resolve shall thank it self.

Pac. The Galling Thought!

Han. To thee, bright Excellence, whose softer Charms
 Might look the rugged Lion to Compassion
 From a Superiour Claim, than what my Honour is
 Engag'd to pay thy most amazing Piety,
 To thee I yield the forfeit Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. O Godlike *Hannibal*! [*Bla. Iza. and Per. kneel.*]

Han. —— No Thanks be paid,
 For *Hannibal* stands more obliged to you,
 On whose firm Virtues prov'd I raise my own;
 But lest your Thanks, refus'd shou'd give you pain,
 From thee, *Perolla*, I shall pleas'd receive 'em:
 Haste to the Field, and thank me with thy Sword;
 Rally thy scatter'd Legions, and oppose
 Me, bold in Arms, as thou hast dar'd for Love;
 Then when I meet thee most, my Glorious Foe,
 I'll call thee Vanquish'd, grateful to my Fame.

Per. Instructed thus, I am inspir'd to Thank thee:
 This grateful Sword, in thy fierce Arms oppos'd,

Shall

Shall tell the World what Dangers thou hast sought,
 What Hazards in this Mercy thou hast dar'd,
 To climb the Precipice of Martial Glory.
 Victor, or Vanquish'd, I'll record thy Fame.

Pac. Now vain inglorious *Hannibal*! to think
 Thou canst conceal from the discerning World
 The Native Colour of this half-painted Virtue:
 Wou'dst thou ascribe to Thirst of Glory, what
 So gross we see proceeds from Abject Love?
 Not Conquering *Izadora's* Virtues, but
 Her Eyes Victorious have subdu'd thy Honour! Gods!
 Is then the Trust of *Carthage* thus discharg'd,
 By granting publick Mercy to her Foes?
 O shame to Arms! that Honour, Justice, Fame,
 Shou'd lose their Force for a vain Smile of a Woman?
 A Flame, which Health of Sense will never own,
 Like Madness when 'tis cur'd, it ever was possess'd with.

Han. Injurious Man! whose rash unslak'd Revenge
 Wou'd stain a Soul, that soars above thy Slander.
 But to confirm the conscious World, and thee,
 That *Hannibal* disdains so base a Thought,
 Since Love has chang'd their Hearts, and grateful *Blacius*,
 As I am told, approves their mutual Fires,
 My Innocence thus joins their Hands for ever.

Per. Now, on my Soul, this Virtue pains my Sense,
 My swelling Heart's oppress'd with Obligations.
 O *Blacius*! *Portius*! *Izadora*!

Pac. Horror on Horror still! O! Rage of Pain!
 My Son insultant mingling with curs'd *Blacius* Blood!
 Have I for this abjur'd my Country's Cause?
 Despis'd the honest World's long held esteem;
 Sold my dear Fame, and cheated of the Price!

Han. Let my Example teach thee Temper.

Pac. Perish thy tame Philosophy!
 Low, as I am, my spiteful Stars shall see
 Not all their Malice cou'd subdue *Pacuvius*!
 And since my fatal Services to thee
 Are now at last Barbarian-like return'd
 With thy ungrateful Mercy to my Foe,

And

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And in my Blood debas'd my fierce Revenge insulted,
That Life I only valu'd as a Plague to *Blacius*,
Seeing him bless'd, 'tis time shou'd be no more. [*Stabs him-*

Han. O horrid Act!

self.

Per. My Father! —

Iza. O dire Distraction!

Pac. Since my sole Joy in Being was my spite,
To *Blacius* Blood, 'twas then Relief to die,
When 'twas in vain to hate him.

[*Dies.*

Han. Death only cou'd subdue so fierce a Passion.
Look up, *Perolla*, and restrain thy Tears:
Thy Honour and thy Love demand thy Care:
At once to free thee then from farther Fears,
This fair one, *Blacius*, *Portius*, and thy self,
Shall have our leave immediate to depart;
A Squadron strait of our *Numidian* Horse
Shall be detatch'd your Convoy to the Consul.

People. Huzzah!

Bla. And now from this Day's strange Events we see
By what small Accidents the Gods maintain
Against Man's vain Presumption their Decrees:
But hence an Hour, and the dire Sword was drawn,
That shou'd have pierc'd the streaming Life of *Blacius*;
While fierce *Pacuvius* in too warm pursuit
Of his Revenge advis'd the means, that lost it,
And he who came assur'd to glut his Eyes
With vengeful Pleasure at the Tragedy,
Now lies himself sole Actor in the Scene:
And last to crown their unforeseen Resolves,
That all things might in course of Justice move,
Perolla's bless'd with *Izadora's* Love.

FINIS



